CAPTAIN FORTUNE

BIG TOP

BRUCE BLACKBURN

REYNOLDS THE UNTOUCHED

THE GHOST DETECTIVE

FEATURE

COMICS

MAY

MICKEY FINN

LALA PALOOZA

SPIN SHAW

RANCE KEANE

HA-HA! YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT **NO** FIST CAN HOLD THE **DOLL MAN!**

No. 32 10c

WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM

THE TALE OF THE TROUBLED TWINS

HAL AND AL WERE TWINS ALIKE;
EACH RECEIVED A BRAND-NEW BIKE.
ONE WAS RED AND ONE WAS BLUE.
HOW THEY SHOUTED! WOULDN'T YOU?

THO' THEIR BIKES SEEMED JUST THE SAME,
(EVEN TO THE MAKER'S NAME),
HAL'S BLUE BEAUTY ALWAYS WON
EVERY CLIMB, OR COAST, OR RUN.

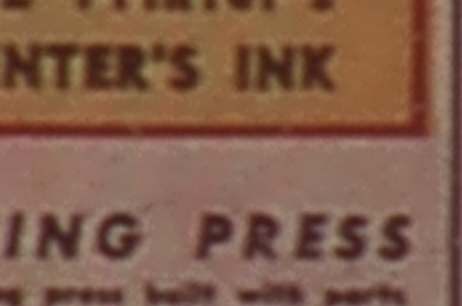
AL WAS VERY MYSTIFIED,
'TILL AT LAST, BY CHANCE, HE SPIED
ON HAL'S BIKE A MORROW BRAKE
(HIS WAS OF A DIFFERENT MAKE!)

"NOW," SAID AL, THE SLEUTH, "I SEE.
WHY YOU ALWAYS WIN FROM ME!
MORROW BRAKES ARE PLENTY SLICK
LET'S GO TRADE IN THIS ONE QUICK!"

AL WENT TO THE CYCLE SHOP
WITH HIS BIKE AND MADE A SWAP.
BUT NOW EACH RACE ENDS NECK-AND-NECK—
NEITHER WINS!.....NOW AIN'T THAT NECK?

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The DOLLMAN

WITH THE AID OF A STRANGE TABLET, DARREL DANE CAN REDUCE HIMSELF TO THE SIZE OF A DOLL...KNOWN AS ONLY THE DOLLMAN, HE FIGHTS THE UNDERWORLD, AIDING THE POOR AND UNFORTUNATE

IT IS MIDNIGHT, BUT THE LIGHT IN PROFESSOR ROBERTS' LABORATORY STILL SHINES, AS DARREL DANE'S CLOSE FRIEND WORKS TIRELESSLY ON A NEW EXPERIMENT. AT LAST, HE PAUSES.

AHH, IT IS FINALLY COMPLETED!

THE MOST POWERFUL GAS IN THE WORLD—TOO POWERFUL... IF I SELL IT, IT'LL BE USED TO KILL MEN—BAH! I'M GOING TO DESTROY IT, FOR THERE ARE TOO MANY INSTRUMENTS OF DEATH NOW IN THIS WORLD!

SUDDENLY, THE LIGHT OF THE LABORATORY GO OU[T]. A HAND WHIPS OUT OF THE DARKNESS.

H-SST—KEEP QUIET, IF YA WANNA LIVE!

A BRIEF STRUGGLE FOLLOWS—THERE'S A THUD OF A SMASHING FIST—THEN SILENCE.

TAKE HIM TO THE CAR—HURRY, OR YOU'LL WAKE UP THE WHOLE JOINT!

A FEW MINUTES LATER A POWERFUL CAR ROARS INTO THE NIGHT.

AWAKENED BY THE NOISE AND FINDING HER FATHER GONE, MARTHA ROBERTS RUSHES TO A TELEPHONE.

I'M MUST CALL DARREL!

IN THE APARTMENT OF DARREL DANE, THE DOLLMAN.

WHAT?! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER, MARTHA!

IT'S THAT NEW GAS ROBERTS WAS WORKING ON, I'LL BET!

A FEW MINUTES LATER DARREL LEAPS UP THE STEPS OF THE ROBERTS HOME.

MARTHA!--MARTHA!--WHAT--? SHE'S OUT COLD— FAINTED!

ROOM DISORDERED—THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A SCRAP..

DEFTLY DARREL RESTORES HER TO CONSCIOUSNESS

OOOH-- WHERE AM--I? DARREL--OH THANK GOODNESS!

-THEN THREE MEN DRAGGED FATHER INTO THE CAR-IT WAS ALL MUD SPATTERED—COULDN'T SEE THE LICENSE—HEARD SOME-ONE SAY THEY NEEDED GAS AND-ER-- LORELEI!

I'M GOING TO TRACE THAT CAR-STAY IN BED, I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER...

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK DARREL! I'M GOING WITH YOU!

METHODICALLY DANE VISITS EVERY GAS STATION

WE'VE COVERED EVERY ONE WITHIN A RADIUS OF 10 MILES!

DID YOU SERVICE A MUD COVERED CAR TONIGHT?

WH-WHY YEAH! DID- A COUPLE OF TOUGH EGGS TOO!

--AY THEY HAD ANOTHER DUCK WITH 'EM-A LITTLE OLD GUY AND THEIR WINDOWS HAD SOME WHITE ON 'EM...

HOW MUCH GAS DID THEY BUY?

FILLED UP A TANK-15 GALLONS!

THANKS- HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOUR TROUBLE!

WHERE TO NOW, DARREL?

TO THE SEASHORE- MUD ON THE CAR MEANT IT CAME FROM THE COUNTRY. WHITE DUST-THAT'S PROBABLY DRIED SEA SPRAY- AND 15 GALLONS OF GAS TELLS ME THAT THEY MUST HAVE COME FROM AT LEAST 100 MILES AWAY OR MORE....

I KNOW A SEA COAST TOWN ABOUT THAT DISTANCE--"DEEP HAVEN."

GOOD! AND THAT'S WHERE WE ARE GOING!

THUS, A FEW HOURS LATER

UGH! WHAT A SHABBY LOOKING PLACE!

PARK THE CAR WHILE I QUESTION SOME OF THE TOWNSPEOPLE!

BIG TOWN CAR!!! NOPE—AIN'T SEEN IT!!

CAR WITH MUD ON IT? YEP! I SEED ONE RODE THROUGH TOWN BUT—CAIN'T SAY WHAR IT WENT!!

LORELEI? DON'T KNOW HER!

NAW! AIN'T SEEN NARTHIN'

DIDN'T SEE IT LEAVE TOWN!

EVIDENTLY THE HIDE-OUT IS ON THE WATERFRONT.

WITH MARTHA AT HIS SIDE, DARREL SPEEDS TO THE WATERFRONT.

THEY STOP AT THE FIRST HOUSE.

AN OLD SEA CAPTAIN LIVES HERE PERHAPS HE KNOWS SOMETHING.

CAR? MEN? CAINT SAY THET I DID--BATTEN ME HATCHES -YE MUST BE COLD STAY A SPELL AND WARM YSELF BY THE FIRE!

HAVE YOU HEARD OF THE LORELEI?

LORELEI—AYE IT'S AN EERIE PLACE! NO ONE EVER GOES THAR. 'TIS AN EVIL IN THIS HARBOR!

HOWEVER SOME MIGHTY QUEER GOINGS ON—RED-BLUE-GREEN LIGHTS STRANGE NOISES—AYE-IF Y' ASK ME—IT'S HAUNTED! YEP, GHOSTS O' DEAD SAILORS!

WHILE THE OLD SALT SPINS HIS YARN, DARREL BECOMES THE DOLLMAN.

THAR SHE LIES YONDER

AND IF I WUZ YE—?!—HOLY SAINTS! HE'S DISAPPEARED! LEFT HIS CLOTHES!

LEAVING THE ASTOUNDED SAILOR IN THE CARE OF MARTHA, THE DOLLMAN SPRINTS ACROSS A PIER.

GHOSTS ON LORELEI ISLE! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!

AND NO ONE SEES A TINY FIGURE DIVE INTO THE SEA.

HOLD ON, MR. FISH—I'M HOPPIN' A RIDE ON YOUR TAIL!

WHEE! BRONCO BUSTIN' HAS NOTHIN ON THIS!

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE GLOOM

HOLY SMOKE! A SHARK!

HIS MUSCLES TAUT, THE DOLLMAN DIVES TO THE BOTTOM, HE

SNAPS A STURDY BAMBOO REED...

AND PLUNGES UPWARD-----

USING THE ROD AS A SPEAR...

THE DOLLMAN THRUSTS IT THROUGH THE SHARK....

BUT THE PRESSURE BECOMES TOO GREAT, EVEN FOR THE DOLLMAN-AND HE RISES TO THE SURFACE.

SOON HE IS LEAPING UP THE SHEER ROCKS THAT SAILORS CALL THE LORELEI

ON THE PEAK OF THE STORM SWEPT PRECIPICE STANDS A WEATHER-BEATEN SHACK A LIGHT FLICKERS IN ITS WINDOWS..

INSIDE THE HIDDEN HOUSE, A GRIM DRAMA UNFOLDS; DR. ROBERTS IS IN THE HANDS OF ANTON BOCK, INTERNATIONAL SPY.

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, BOCK. I'LL NEVER WORK WITH YOU AND THERE'S NO WRITTEN FORMULA!

YOU WON'T GET A THING!

TSK-YOU UNDERESTIMATE ME, PROFESSOR ROBERTS!

I HAVE MANY WAYS OF GETTING INFORMATION-SOME A LITTLE CRUDE PERHAPS, BUT-

IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE THE FLAME WILL REACH YOUR FOOT. YOU'LL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK IT OVER!

OUTSIDE ON THE ISLAND, A TINY FIGURE RUNS MADLY TOWARD THE HOUSE.

ONCE INSIDE, HE SWINGS THROUGH CREVICES TILL HE REACHES THE ATTIC.

A MOUSE STARTLED AT THE SIGHT OF A HUMAN SO TINY, SCURRIES TO SAFETY.

HA HA! HOPE I'M SORRY, OLD FELLER

QUIETLY HE EXAMINES EVERY CREVICE. AT LAST HE FINDS HIMSELF OVERLOOKING THE ROOM.

THEY'RE TORTURING ROBERTS!

STOP! YOU FIENDS!

DON'T SAY A THING, ROBERTS!

WHO SAID THAT? WHERE'D THAT VOICE COME FROM?

IT'S THE CEILING!

AT THAT, THE DOLLMAN SWINGS THROUGH THE CRACK AND LEAPS ACROSS THE ROOM...

HE CATCHES THE LIGHT CORD AND THROWS THE ROOM INTO PITCH DARKNESS.

CLIC

HE DROPS ON THE COLLAR OF ANTON BOCK.

YEOW! WHAT TH!!!

YOUR NOSE MAKES A SWELL SPRING BOARD, ANTON OL' PAL!

AND WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING THE DOLLMAN PUTS OUT THE CANDLE FLAME.

THE LIGHTS AGAIN FLASH ON.

WHAT WAS THAT!

THERE'S NO ONE IN THE ROOM!

THE DOOR IS BOLTED!

YOU'RE THROUGH BOYS, I'M GONNA SQUEAL!

SQUEAL WILL YA!

I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN', BOSS, I SWEAR IT!

WHILE THE TWO ARGUE, THE DOLLMAN IS BUSY TYING THEIR SHOE-LACES TOGETHER

LOOK! A TINY FIGURE! GET WHAT THE!!

OUR LACES ARE TIED! ☆IO☆!!

I'LL HAVE YOUR BONDS UNTIED IN A MOMENT, ROBERTS!

OUCH!

A SPANKING IS SOMETHING YOU HAVEN'T HAD SINCE YOU WERE A BOY!

YOU! TH' DOLLMAN!

YES, MY FRIEND, THE DOLLMAN, AND NOT A TOY! YOU'RE NOW PLAYING WITH THE MAN WHO WILL END YOUR GAME OF CRIME!

YEAH? I'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT THAT, YOU G/N!!!

BUT THE DOLLMAN SPRINGS, SEIZING ANTON'S WRIST IN A VISE-LIKE GRIP

THE GANGSTERS SWING INTO ACTION, BUT THE DOLLMAN PROVES AN ELUSIVE PREY.

OOPS SORRY BUTCH, I MEANT TO HIT THE DOLLMAN!

YOU'VE A SLOW LEFT, PAL!

AS ROBERTS STOOPS TO PICK UP THE FALLEN GUN

NO YA DON'T!!

BUT THE PROFESSOR SUDDENLY WHIRLS AND FIRES.

Oooo...

MEANWHILE ANOTHER THUG SEIZES A TOMMY GUN.

LET 'IM LITTLE RUN! DUCK THIS!

WHEW! WHAT PEPPER!

ACCIDENTALLY THE DOLLMAN CRASHES INTO THE BOTTLE CONTAINING PROFESSOR ROBERTS' READY GAS

WITH A CRASH THE VIAL HITS THE FLOOR. INSTANTLY THE ROOM FILLS WITH VAPORS AND ONE OF THE GANGSTERS SINKS TO THE FLOOR.

A FEW MINUTES LATER DR. ROBERTS FINDS HIS FRIEND THE DOLLMAN ON THE FLOOR.

THE GAS (cough) GOT HIM!

QUICKLY PLACING HIM IN HIS POCKET HE STAGGERS OUT...

ONCE OUTSIDE-

DARREL! I'LL TRY A LITTLE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION!

AT LAST! HE'S COMING AROUND!

PUT YER HANDS UP! YE KID-NAPER!

AFTER MISS ROBERTS TOLD ME THE STORY OF HER FATHER'S KIDNAPIN' I KNEW JES' WHERE TO LOOK!

BUT-I'M HER FATHER IM PROFESSOR ROBERTS!

YER MAD! YER A KILLER- I KIN SEE THET! AND WHERE DID Y'GIT THET DOLL?

B-BUT

FATHER!

HOLD ON THERE, CALEB!

MARTHA, MY DEAR!

DADDY DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES-YES THANK HEAVEN!

SO IT'S A SLEUTH YE'LL BE, EH?

LOOK AT THIS-A A DOLL!

SAINTS ALIVE! A MAN-NO BIGGER THAN A DOLL!!!

GET YOUR GUN, SHERIFF I'VE A NEST OF FOREIGN SPIES WAITING FOR YOU!

THEY'RE IN THAT HOUSE- I'LL GO ON AHEAD!

THERE'S SOME ACTIVITY IN THERE. THE EFFECTS OF THE GAS MUST HAVE PASSED OFF!

I'LL ENTER THROUGH THIS WINDOW!

THAT &!/&%! DOLLMAN SPOILED OUR PLANS! WE'LL GET HIM NOW FOR SURE!

THE DOLLMAN SWINGS ACROSS THE ROOM KNOCKING THE GUN FROM ANTON'S HAND

AND NOW, I'LL PUT YOU FELLOWS IN THE PROPER MOOD TO RECEIVE THE POLICE!

STRIKE ONE!

OOOOW,

HERE GENTLEMEN ARE YOUR MEN. IT WON'T BE HARD TO CONVICT THEM!

LATER AT THE INN, DR ROBERTS PREPARES TO LEAVE IN BORROWED CLOTHES.

SUDDENLY DARREL DANE APPEARS

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?

BEEN? BY HECK!

I CAPTURED THE BIGGEST NEST OF SPIES I EVER SEEN—WITH THE HELP O' A TINY MAN, CALLED HIMSELF THE DOLLMAN!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

TROUBLE WITH YOU CITY FELLERS IS YE THINK YER SMART. NEVER BELIEVE NARTHIN'. GOOD BYE!

SO LONG, OLD TIMER, AND THANKS

DARREL DANE, YOU OLD HYPOCRITE! TELLING THAT NICE OLD MAN YOU DON'T BELIEVE HIM... YOU ARE THE DOLLMAN!

Another exciting episode of The Dollman in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

Captain Fortune

by

VERNON HENKEL

AFTER RESCUING LORD ESSEX FROM THE WILY DUKE EDWARD, CAPTAIN FORTUNE SETS OUT TO RECAPTURE THE CASTLE OF BALOMAR

IT WILL BE HARD TO TAKE SUCH A FORTRESS!

AS CAPTAIN FORTUNE AND HIS AIDE, WILL KENTSHIRE, SCAN THE LOFTY BALOMAR...

BUT WE SHALL RETAKE IT FOR LORD ESSEX... COME, WE RIDE TO JOIN HIM NOW...

WE MEET ESSEX AT THE CROWN TAVERN!

AYE!

MY LORD, OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SOMEHOW HAVE THE DRAWBRIDGE LOWERED...

IN THE TAVERN A GROUP OF GRIM-FACED MEN LISTEN TO CAPTAIN FORTUNE...

AYE, BUT WHO'S TO LOWER IT... AND HOW?

IN TONIGHT'S DARKNESS I SHALL ENTER BALOMAR!

NO, FORTUNE... IT IS TOO RISKY!

BUT FORTUNE WINS OUT AND THAT NIGHT A LITTLE GROUP OF MEN APPROACH THE CASTLE...

I'LL SCALE THE WALLS AND LOWER ROPES... YOU KNOW THE REST OF THE PLAN!

FORTUNE DROPS INTO THE COLD, DARK MOAT...

AH, THIS IS AN EASY CLIMB... FOR A SEAMAN!

SLOWLY INCHING HIS WAY UP FROM HAND HOLD TO HAND HOLD, CAPTAIN FORTUNE REACHES THE TOP OF THE WALL...

MY MEN ARE SWIMMING THE MOAT... I MUST DROP THE ROPE FOR THEM!

AND SOON AFTER, UP THE ROPE COMES FORTUNE'S CREW...

KEEP HIDDEN 'TIL DAWN! THEN RAISE THE PORTCULLIS AND LOWER THE DRAWBRIDGE!

I'LL LOOK AROUND AND LOCATE THE STATIONS OF THE SENTRIES!

AH.. THE GATE... AND TWO MEN GUARDING IT!

FORTUNE STEALS BACK TO HIS MEN ON THE BATTLEMENTS...

'TIS NEAR DAWN. FOLLOW ME!

WITH WEAPONS DRAWN, FORTUNE'S GROUP APPROACH THE GUARDS.

TAKE THEM, MEN!

AND THE GUARDS FALL FROM A QUICK ASSAULT...

NOW, RAISE THE PORTCULLIS QUIETLY...

SUDDENLY A SENTRY ON THE WALL SIGHTS THE MEN!

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! THE CASTLE IS ATTACKED!

AS THE SENTRY'S SHOUT FILLS THE AIR, SLEEPY-EYED SOLDIERS RUSH FROM THE BARRACKS...

HURRY, MEN... THEY'LL SOON BE UPON US!

AYE.. AND A PACK OF WOLVES THEY ARE, TOO!

YOU OPEN THAT GATE... I'LL HOLD THEM OFF!

AND AT THE EDGE OF A NEARBY FOREST IS THE ESSEX FORCE...

THE GATE IS DOWN! SOUND THE CHARGE!

AS THE FIRST RAYS OF DAWN STREAK THE SKY, ESSEX LEADS THE CHARGE TO REGAIN HIS CASTLE.

A RAGING BATTLE FOLLOWS AS THE MEN OF ESSEX CUT DOWN THEIR HATED ENEMIES.

FROM A SECLUDED SPOT THE WICKED DUKE EDWARD SEES HIS FOLLOWERS BEING BEATEN.

BLAST THEIR HEARTS! THE CASTLE IS LOST.. I MUST ESCAPE!

LUCKY THAT I HAD PLANNED FOR A TIME LIKE THIS...

AND I MUST FLEE FAR TO ESCAPE THE WRATH OF THAT DOG ESSEX!

..AND THEN AN EVIL GLINT COMES TO THE DUKE'S EYES.

HA! BUT I AM NOT BEATEN YET!

AH, MY FAIR ONE! YOU'LL COME WITH ME!

OHH!

SIRE! IT'S DUKE EDWARD.. HE'S TAKEN LADY ESSEX!

MY DAUGHTER!

FORTUNE THUNDERS OUT OF BALDMAR IN PURSUIT!

I'LL STOP HIM!

ND YOUR FATHER CAN NOW HOOSE BETWEEN YOU AND HE CASTLE..HE'LL TAKE NE..I, THE OTHER!

YOU BEAST!

CURSES! SO FORTUNE AGAIN THREATENS ME! WELL, HE WON'T WIN THIS TIME!

HMM.. HIS MOUNT DOESN'T TRAVEL SO FAST.. I'M GAINING!

PON REACHING A CLIFF, THE UKE PULLS UP SHARPLY...

OW..I'LL FINISH THE BOLD APTAIN FORTUNE FOR ALL TIME!

AT LAST WE MEET, WICKED ONE!

AYE! AND TO THE DEATH!

I'M AN EXCELLENT SWORDSMAN, FOOL!

BUT YOU MUST PROVE THAT!

HEN FOR A HALF HOUR BLADES LISTEN AND CLASH..BUT THE REACHEROUS DUKE TIRES NOW ORTUNE SLIPS PAST HIS GUARD

THAT DOES FOR YOU!

THERE, MY LADY..WITH THAT TYRANT REMOVED, YOU AND YOUR FATHER CAN ONCE AGAIN BE HAPPY WITH BALDMAR CASTLE AND YOUR LANDS!

More of Captain Fortune in the June issue of **FEATURE COMICS.**

BIG TOP

GOSH! A NEW SHOW ON THE MIDWAY AN IS IT PACKIN' 'EM IN!

IT'S A GREAT SHOW, BUTCH— THE GUY TRAINS **FLEAS**— **LITTLE FLEAS** TO DO ALL KINDS OF TRICKS!

FLEAS ?

HOW CAN ANYBODY TRAIN LITTLE **FLEAS**? GOSH! Y'CAN HARDLY **SEE** 'EM!

SAY, PROFESSOR— THEY TELL ME YOU TRAIN FLEAS— I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT 'EM.

ACH SURE STEP IN!

FLEAS ISS VERY SMART, YAH— FIRST I SHOW YOU SRETA UND HANS - SEE, DEY LIFF IN HERE

SOLLY! SAY, TELL ME, WHAT DO THEY EAT?

VOT DO DEY EAT? DEY EAT ME! I PUT DEM ON MY ARM UND DEY TAKE A LIDDLE BITE...

NOW I SHOW YOU MY TWO STARS, LENA UND OSCAR— HUH! VOT ISS? **LENA UND OSCAR**— WHERE ARE DEY?

ACH! LOOK—VOT ISS DOT DOG DOING?

THE DOG?

I GUESS HE'S SCRATCHIN'—AIN'T HE?

HOLD STILL, DOG, YAH—HERE ISS LENA UND ALSO OSCAR! GOOT.

ACH, YOU BAD CHILDREN— WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL PAPA YOU VAS HUNGRY?

HUM— LENA AN' OSCAR CERTAINLY HAD **PLENTY OF COMPANY** WHILE THEY WERE ON YOU!

BIG TOP



Follow Big Top in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 26th.

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

ARTHUR HAPPY JONES

IN THE 77TH FLOOR OF A TOWERING SKY-SCRAPER ZERO WAGES A WAR AGAINST THE CRIMINAL DENIZENS OF THE PHANTOM REALM

THE ELEVATOR SPEEDS A WEEK VISITOR TO THE 13TH FLOOR.

A MR. BLEAKER TO SEE YOU MR ZERO?

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU SIR?

IT IS RATHER DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN, MR ZERO. MY BROTHER JOHN HAS JUST BEEN MURDERED! I BELIEVE HE WAS KILLED BY MY YOUNGEST BROTHER PETER!

I'M AFRAID YOU'VE COME TO THE WRONG MAN! I DON'T HANDLE ANY CASE UNLESS IT HAS TO DO WITH THE SUPERNATURAL!

I KNOW THAT BUT YOU SEE MY BROTHER PETER IS DEAD!

DEAD! YOU MEAN—

YES FOR SEVERAL MONTHS!

MY STORY BEGINS MANY YEARS AGO, WHEN MY BROTHERS AND I WERE CHILDREN

WE WERE VERY DEVOTED TO EACH OTHER

IF ONE OF US DIES HE MUST COME BACK FOR THE OTHERS LIKE IN THIS STORY. WE'LL SWEAR IT IN BLOOD!

WE'LL TAKE THE FORM OF THE THREE FINGERED OGRE IN THIS BOOK WHEN WE COME BACK!

BUT PETER LED A BITTER LIFE - A FAILURE!

LIKE THE OTHER TWO, WAS FOOLISH ENOUGH TO PLEDGE MYSELF TO SUCH A VOW. BUT AS WE MATURED THE MATTER WAS FORGOTTEN!

AS TIME PASSED, JOHN AND I BECAME PROSPEROUS AND EACH FOUND HAPPINESS!

TIME AND AGAIN WE TRIED TO HELP HIM BUT HIS PRIDE DIDN'T LET HIM ACCEPT OUR AID. HE DIED IN ABJECT POVERTY FAR FROM HOME!

TWO MONTHS LATER MY BROTHER JOHN WAS FOUND STRANGLED BY A HAND THAT LEFT THE MARK OF THREE FINGERS!

YOU MUST HELP ME, MR ZERO! I'M AFRAID A SIMILAR DEATH AWAITS ME—NOW WILL YOU ACCEPT THIS CASE?

YES! LET'S GET YOUR HOME AT ONCE!

THE BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME OF MR BLEAKER SHROUDED IN A VEIL OF MYSTERY AND FEAR

THAT NIGHT.

MRS BLEAKER AND MY DAUGHTER MARY, MR ZERO!

ZERO AND BLEAKER GO INTO THE LIBRARY.

THIS IS THE OLD STORY BOOK

SUDDENLY

THE MONSTER!

MR ZERO!! HE'S COME FOR ME!!

BROTHER—BROTHER—

STEADY BLEAKER!

ZERO LEAPS BEFORE THE HIDEOUS APPARITION FLASHING A CROSS MARKED MIRROR!

AWGH.

IT'S DISAPPEARED! YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!

WE'RE NOT FINISHED YET! WHAT'S THAT— A SCREAM?

HELP!

MARY-SHE'S GONE!! A HORRIBLE MONSTER— OH, DO SOMETHING!

THEY TURN IN TIME TO SEE THE GHOST DISAPPEAR!

ZERO RUSHES OUT OF THE HOUSE WITH BLEAKER

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

O THE AIRPORT! WE'LL TAKE A PLANE TO THE CEMETERY WHERE PETER IS BURIED— OUR ONLY CHANCE OF SAVING YOU AND MARY!

TO THE OLD CHURCH, PILOT!

LOOK, PILOT THERE'S THE CHURCH! DO YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE A LANDING?

SURE

PETER'S TOMB-STONE!

SUDDENLY A SHADOWY FORM REES AMONG THE GRAVES AND SPEAKS A WARNING!

LEAVE BEFORE THE ANGRY BROTHER RETURNS OR YOU WILL DIE!

T ZERO RIYS NO HEED. HE FINDS A SPADE AND STARTS TO DIG AT PETER'S GRAVE. WHEN MARY'S FRIGHTENED CRIES SUD- ENLY PIERCE THE SILENCE!

FATHER! FATHER!

IF HE REACHES ME BEFORE I OPEN THIS COFFIN, WE'RE ALL GONERS!

OH-OH HELP!

LIKE A MADMAN ZERO CLEARS THE EARTH OVER THE COFFIN!

SEEING BLEAKER THE MONSTER DROPS MARY AND PURSUES HIM

MR. ZERO! MR. ZERO!

ONE MORE SECOND!

ZERO DRIVES A STAKE INTO THE BODY

THANK GOODNESS! IT'S ALL OVER NOW, MISS BLEAKER!

YOU HAVE DESTROYED THE MONSTER AND SAVED OUR LIVES! WE'LL REWARD YOU HANDSOMELY MR. ZERO!

AND YOU MUST VISIT US, MR. ZERO. WHEN WE'RE NOT BEING HAUNTED!

I'D BE DELIGHTED

THE CASE IS CLOSED AS THE PAGE WITH THE MONSTERS PICTURE DROPS INTO ZERO'S FILE

Read Zero, the Ghost Detective, in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

REYNOLD'S of the MOUNTED

ART PIJAJAU

A FIERCE BLIZZARD RAGES AS SERGEANT REYNOLDS MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD A LONELY NORTH WOODS CABIN...

GOSH—WHAT A STORM... I HOPE I CAN... WAIT!! —WHAT'S THAT LYING OVER THERE!?

TWO MEN... I HOPE I CAN STILL SAVE THEM!

ONE OF THEM IS DEAD BUT THE OTHER IS STILL BREATHING— HERE'S STILL A CHANCE!!

UGH... HERE WE ARE... NOW TO GET TO WORK ON THEM!!

LATER

WHERE AM I... OH—MY HEAD!

TAKE IT EASY, FRENCH!!

AS THE STRANGER COMES TO...

THANKS, MOUNTIE— IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR YOU, WADE WOULD'VE KILLED ME AS HE DID MY PARTNER—

WHO'S WADE!?

ONE O' THE MEANEST RATS YOU'VE EVER LAID EYES ON SERGEANT—HE KNEW WE WERE HEADED FOR A CERTAIN INDIAN VILLAGE SO HE FOLLOWED US!!

WE LED HIM OFF THE TRAIL—THEN HE SUSPECTED OUR TRICK AND ATTACKED US, LEAVING US TO DIE IN THE BLIZZARD— LUCKILY YOU CAME ALONG IN THE NICK OF TIME TO SAVE US!

WHY WERE YOU GOING TO THIS INDIAN VILLAGE!?

THERE'S A FORTUNE IN FURS UP THERE THAT NO OTHER WHITE MAN KNOWS OF —

—BUT SOMEHOW WADE HAS FOUND OUT ABOUT IT—BUT FORGET HIM!! I'M GOING THERE MYSELF, SERGEANT... AND YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME!!

THE NEXT DAY, REYNOLDS AND HIS NEWLY FOUND FRIEND, SAM BARTON, SET OUT FOR THE NEAREST TRADING POST—

WE OUGHT TO MAKE IT IN A FEW HOURS, SAM!

MY BROTHER TOM HAS A CABIN UP THERE AND IS TRADING WITH THE INDIANS!

AT THE TRADING POST THEY GET A CANOE AND START DOWN THE HALF FROZEN RIVER.

I ONLY HOPE MADE DOESN'T CAUSE US ANY TROUBLE!!

SOMETHING'S WRONG— HERE COMES TOM RUNNY LIKE FURY!

SAM!! BOY—AM I GLAD YOU'VE COME!! QUICK—COME UP TO THE CABIN!

TRADING WITH TH' INDIANS WAS GOING GREAT UNTIL TH' CHIEF'S SON DIED—SAM'RI, THE MEDICINE MAN BLAMES ME— AS TH' BOY WAS WEARING A HAT I GAVE HIM— CLAIMS IT WAS BAD MEDICINE!!

BUT I FOUND THIS NEAR THE BOY'S BODY— LOOK!! IT'S THE MEDICINE MAN'S ARROW—HE KILLED 'IM—NOW HE'S TURNING TH' TRIBE AGAINST US— THEY'LL KILL US ALL...

NOT ONLY THAT, SAM—BUT TWO WHITE MEN CAME INTO THE VILLAGE TODAY!!

MADE—! THAT MEANS MORE TROUBLE!!

SUDDENLY THERE IS A CRASH OF GLASS AND AN ARROW FLIES INTO THE CABIN.

QUICK, SERGEANT— GET INTO THE OTHER ROOM— AND HAVE YOUR REVOLVER READY FOR ACTION!!

IT'S CHIEF KIRUA AND SARU THE MEDICINE MAN-

S THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN!

MANY MOONS AGO YOU SAVED MY SON'S LIFE AND I BECAME YOUR FRIEND AND TRADED WITH YOU- NOW SARU SAYS YOUR MEDICINE KILLED HIM- FOR THAT YOU SHALL PAY WITH YOUR LIVES!!

TODAY TWO WHITE MEN CAME AND TOLD ME YOU WERE EVIL MEN- YOUR OWN PEOPLE AGREE YOU SHOULD DIE!! SEIZE THESE MEN!!

TRADER BEEN TALKIN AGAINST US SO HE CAN GET OUR TRADE

YOU SHALL BOTH DIE WHEN THE MOON IS FULL!! LET US GO-

YOU'VE BEEN TRICKED, CHIEF- WERE YOUR FRIENDS!

O THE INDIANS LEAVE WITH HER CAPTIVES REYNOLDS TIPS OUT FROM HIS HIDING PLACE-

THE ODDS WERE SO GREAT I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MUCH HELP!

...BUT I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY OUT AND SAVE THOSE MEN- WADE MUST BE BROUGHT TO JUSTICE- THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A LITTLE PLANNING... HMM- LET ME SEE!!

MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING HERE I CAN USE- HMM- SAY!! WHAT'S THIS?! WHY- IT'S- BOY!! JUST WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR!!

LATER- AT THE SCENE OF THE COMING SACRIFICE REYNOLDS LAYS HIS PLANS...

NO ONE AROUND- NOW TO GET TO WORK!

MEANWHILE IN THE INDIAN VILLAGE, SAM AND TOM BARTON ARE PRISONERS IN A HEAVILY GUARDED TENT...

TOM- I WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO SERGEANT REYNOLDS!!

HE'D OUR ONLY HOPE- SH-IT SOMEONE'S COMING!!

JUST CAME TO WISH YOU BARTONS GOODBYE HA-HA-!!

IT'S WADE!

YOU SEE, BOYS- THE MEDICINE MAN HAS AMBITIONS OF BECOMIN' CHIEF - SO WE MADE A DEAL - HE MADE THY CHIEF GET RID O' YOU AND WE'RE GOING TO TAKE CARE OF THE CHIEF AFTER YOU'RE GONE - VERY SIMPLE, EH?

AS A FULL MOON RISES SAHRU ISSUES A COMMAND TO BEGIN THE DEATH MARCH.

AND THE GRIM PROCESSION BEGINS.

EACH TOM - DON'T LOSE YOUR NERVE BOY!

SUDDENLY A SERIES OF LOUD EXPLOSIONS FILLS THE AIR AND AS THE INDIANS LOOK UP AT THE SKY...

...ON A NEARBY TREE THERE IS A REVOLVING LIGHT.

HIGH UP IN THE TREETOPS REYNOLDS HAD SET HIS PLANS INTO MOTION.

THOSE ROCKETS AND PINWHEEL FIREWORKS SURE CAME IN HANDY - NOW FOR THE FINAL TOUCH TO THIS SHOW - I HOPE IT WORKS!!

REYNOLDS FIRES AND MORE FRIGHTENED THAN HURT, THE MEDICINE MAN DROPS TO THE SNOW...

UGH-!

THE GODS PUNISH US FOR SACRIFICING WHITE MEN RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!

THE TERRIFIED INDIANS LOSE NO TIME IN RUNNING FROM THEIR IDOL...

THERE GO OUR PLANS, BOSS—MED BETTER GET GONE!

I DON'T LIKE IT EITHER—LET'S GO!!

MEANWHILE WADE AND HIS HENCHMAN HAVE BEEN MIXING WITH THE INDIANS...

SAM!! THERE GO WADE AND HIS MAN!!

BOOS—THERE COME THE BARTONS AGAIN!! WE GOTTA DO SOMETHING!!

NO YOU DON'T—!!

WHAT TH—!!

AS THE TWO MEN SLINK AWAY TOM BARTON SPIES THEM...

REYNOLDS WATCHING FROM THE TREE SEES WADE TURN ON TOM BURTON.

I'LL FIX 'EM!

TH' INDIANS DIDN'T GET YA BUT I WILL, BARTON—SAY YER PRAYERS...

FROM THE TREE REYNOLDS HURTLES ONTO WADE!...

UGH!!

HOLD ON TO WADE'S PAL WHILE I FINISH WADE, TOM!!

I GOT TH' SERGEANT!

NOW, YOU TWO CAN GO BACK AND CONVINCE THE CHIEF THAT SAMBUT'S ARROW KILLED HIS SON— I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE BAD BOYS!!

WITH THAT DISCORED WITCH DOCTOR RUN OUT OF THE WAY, WE'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE WITH THE CHIEF!!

Another thrilling installment of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS

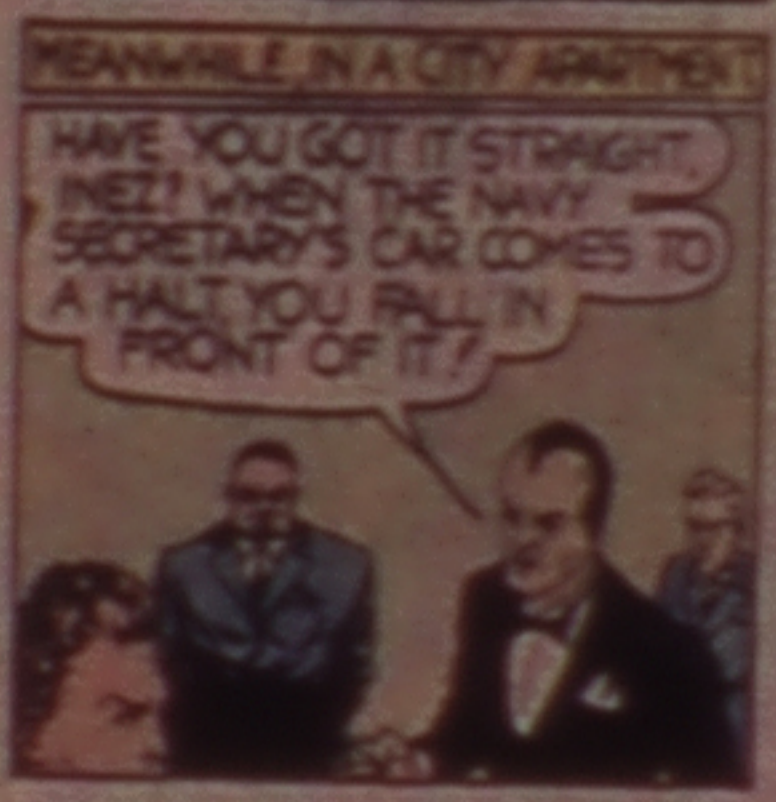
SPIN SHAW OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

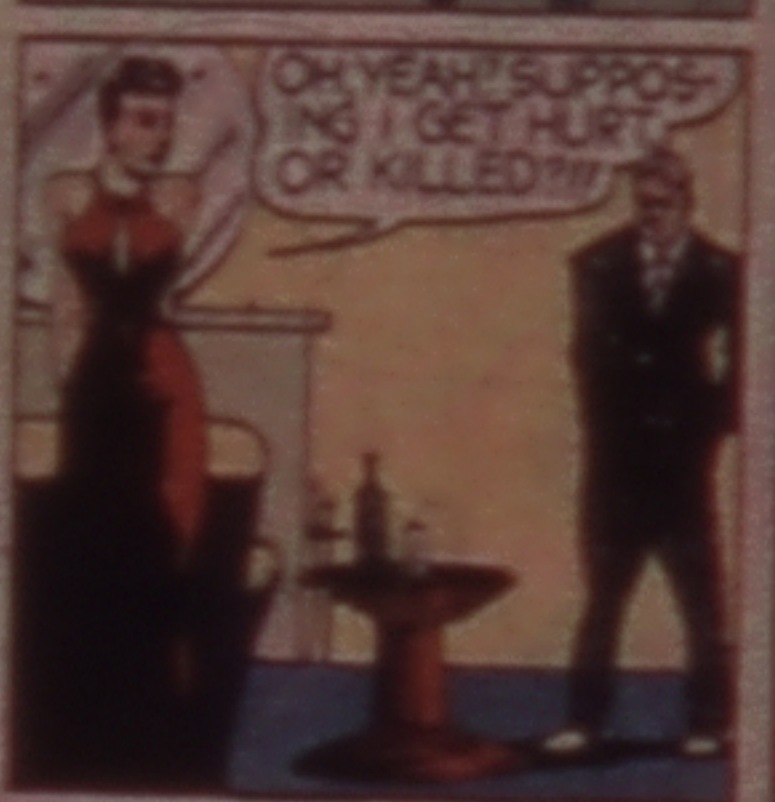
OBTAINING A TANDEM-MOTORED FIGHTING PLANE, THE NAVY DEPARTMENT COMMISSIONS SPIN SHAW TO TEST IT

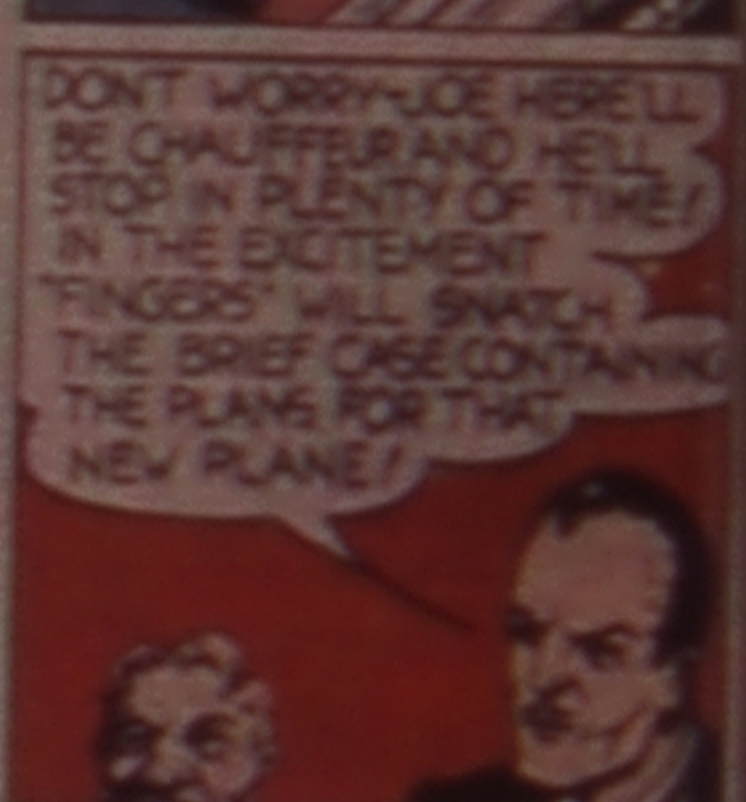


















NA MOMENT A CROWD HAS GATHERED AT THE SCENE, AND A SQUAD CAR ARRIVES.

HEY, WHAT TH-?

GET OUT OF THAT CAR!

OH YEAH? OUTA ME WAY, SAILORY

HE'S GOTTEN AWAY!

I'VE HAD THE GIRL SENT TO THE HOSPITAL-WHO WAS THAT!

A THEF! I ORDER IT! COULD HAVE BEEN AFTER THE PLANE DRAFTS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER AT THE AIR DROME-A MECHANIC BENDS OVER A PLANE'S COCKPIT.

WHEN SHAW GOES INTO THE TEST DIVE THIS BOMB WILL GO OFF AND DESTROY THE PLANE! OH! OH! HERE THEY COME!

TAPED AND BOUND FOR THE STRENUOUS TEST, SPIN TAKES OFF CLIMBING SWIFTLY

WHEN I START DIVING, THIS BABY WILL BE DOING MORE THAN SEVEN HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR! HERE GOES!

PUSHING THE JOYSTICK FORWARD, SPIN SENDS THE PLANE HURTLING DOWN.

THE EXPLODING BOMB SENDS SPIN REELING INTO OBLIVION

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN, THE SHIP PLUMMETS

OOOH, MY HEAD! WHEW! NO CHANCE TO PULL THE PLANE OUT-I'LL HAVE TO JUMP!

HERE HE COMES!

WHOO!! THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT THAT EXPLOSION!

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE ALIVE CAPTAIN!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER IN THE AIRPORT CAFETERIA, SPIN SEES A FAMILIAR GIRL PASS BY.

THE GIRL THAT WAS STRUCK BY OUR CAR! . . I'VE AN IDEA SHE'S TIED UP WITH THE EXPLOSION!

PAYING HIS CHECK SPIN FOLLOWS THE GIRL TO A SHANK HOTEL

HELL! THE NEXT TEST IS SCHEDULED FOR TOMORROW! ARNDT SAYS HE'LL GIVE THIS ONE THE SAME MEDICINE!

PEERING THROUGH THE TRANSOM, SPIN OVERHEARS THEM

SO, THAT'S IT!

SO THE FIRST PLANE WAS TAMPERED WITH / THIS SABOTAGE MUST STOP!

ATTENTION / HERE COMES A CAPTAIN /

AS YOU WERE / HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE A LITTLE SCRAP WITH NO PENALTIES ATTACHED?

OH BOY LEAD US TO IT!

HERES THE SET UP- A GROUP OF FOREIGN AGENTS ARE TRYING TO WRECK THE NEW PLANES SO THAT THE NAVY WILL REJECT THEM / THEN THEY'LL BUY THEM!

WE'VE GOT TO CAPTURE THE GANG AND KEEP THEM FROM DOING MORE HARM / FIRST WE'LL GET THE MECHANIC WHO'S DOING THE DIRTY WORK / NOW LISTEN-

LEADING THE SAILORS SPIN ENTERS THE HANGAR OF THE SPEEDY NEW PLANE

WHAT DO YOU WANT? NO ONE IS ALLOWED HERE!

YEAH! WE'LL GET OUT OF THAT PLANE!

YOU CAN'T DO THIS!

OH NO? WE'LL WERE DOING IT, PAL!

YEP HERES THE BOMB / A PRETTY CLEVER DEVICE / NOW TO CALL THE SABOTEURS!

APNOT JUST CALLED / HE WANTS US DOWN AT THE AIRPORT RIGHT AWAY / SEEMS THERES SOME TROUBLE COME ON /

SOME MINUTES LATER...

HERE THEY COME! BOYS GET READY!

ONE SIDE, SAILOR, I'M G. ROLAND LORBER! I WANT TO GET INTO THAT HANGAR!

DO YOU?

WELL, G. ROLAND LORBER, I PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST FOR ESPIONAGE, SABOTAGE AND ATTEMPTED MURDER!

IT'S A TRAP!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS AFTER THEM! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!

WITH A WILD SHOUT, THE GOBS RUSH THE GANGSTERS!!

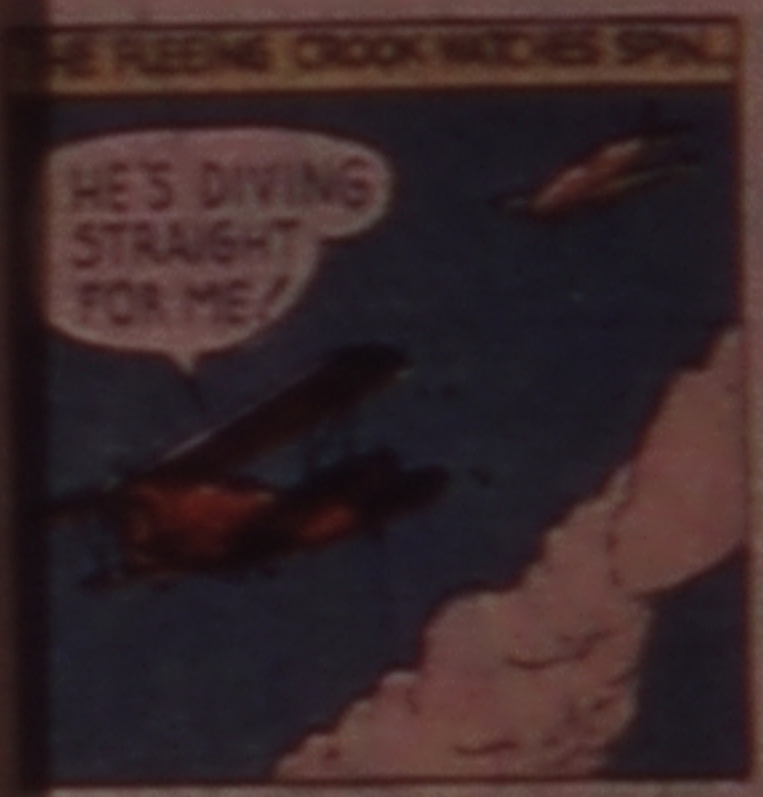
I MUST GET OUT OF HERE! I'VE GOT IT, THE PLANE!

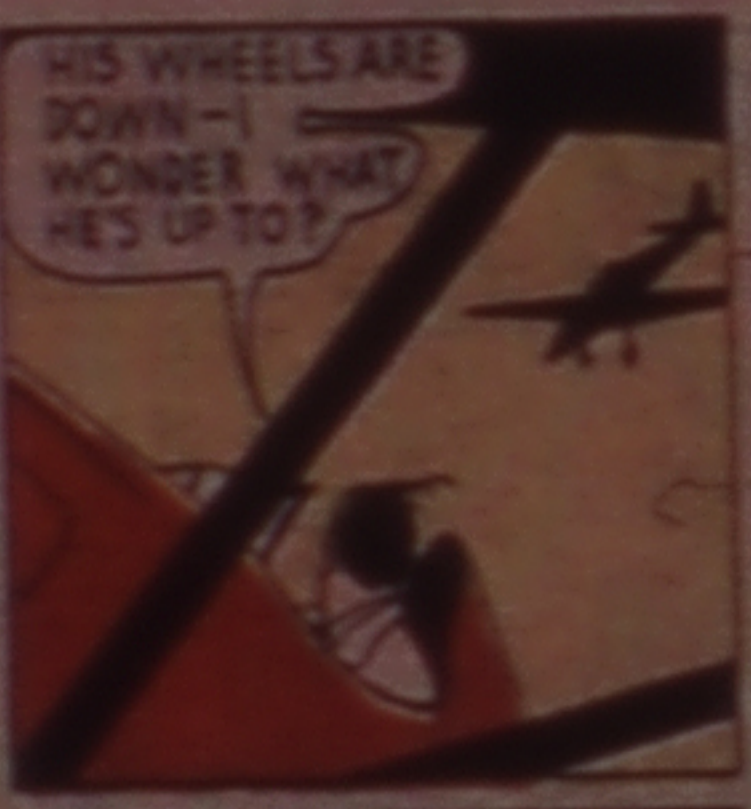
QUICKLY CROSSING THE FIELD, LORBER DASHES TOWARD A FAST NAVY PLANE

THERE'S ONE SHIP THAT CAN OVER-TAKE THAT ONE!

LEAPING INTO THE TEST PLANE, SPIN TAXIS OUT OF THE HANGAR.

I'LL GET HIM IF I HAVE TO CRACK UP BOTH SHIPS TO DO SO!







PULLING HIS PLANE INTO A STALL, SPIN DROPS ON THE ENEMY'S WING.....

SLOWLY SPIN FORCES LORBER TO HEAD EARTHWARD

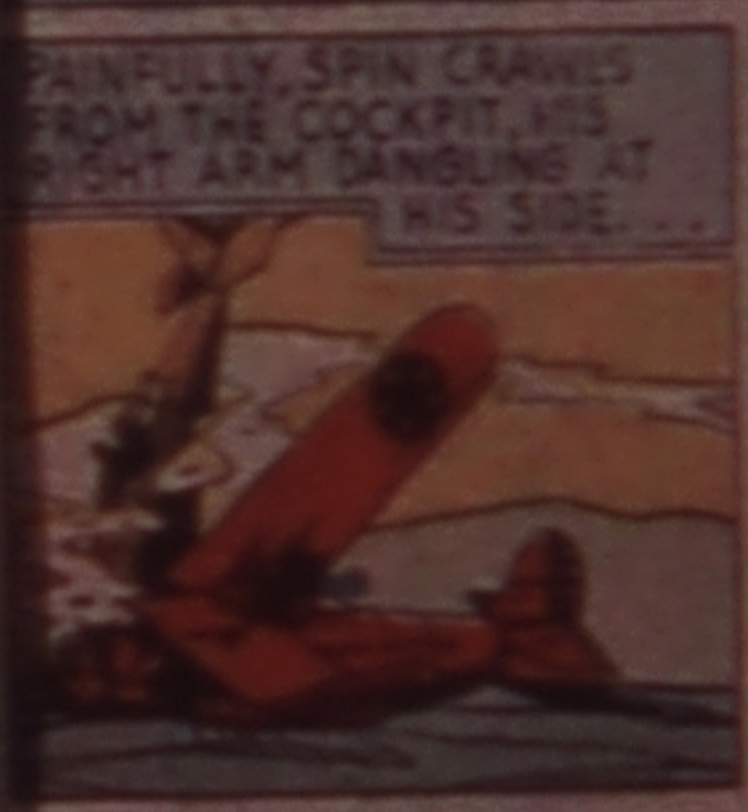
JUST THEN THE TWO PROPELLERS CATCH, TEARING THE MOTORS FROM THEIR BRACKETS.







PAINFULLY, SPIN CRAWLS FROM THE COCKPIT, HIS RIGHT ARM DANGLING AT HIS SIDE...





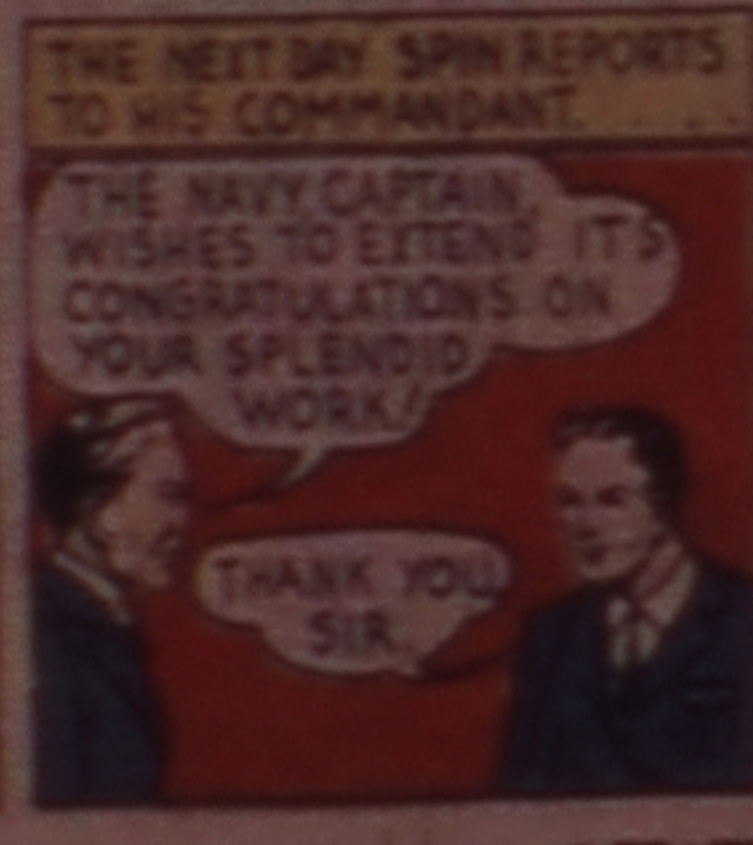
FIGHTING THE SUFFOCATING HEAT OF THE LEAPING FLAMES, SPIN DRAGS THE UNCONSCIOUS THUG TO SAFETY.....

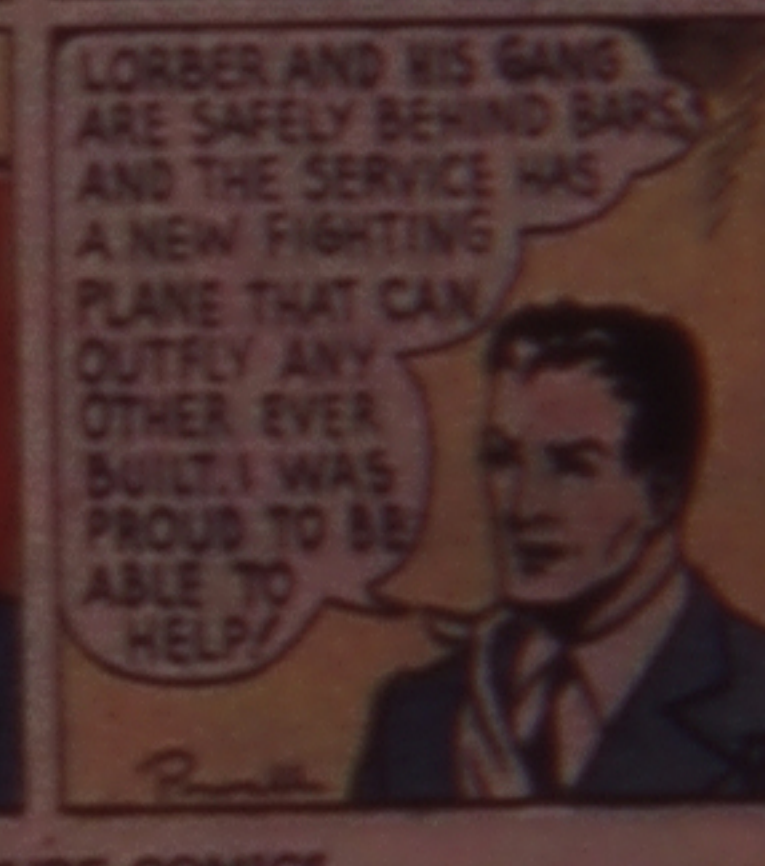


AS HE SLUMPS BEHIND A ROCK A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION BLOWS THE AIRCRAFT TO BITS!



THE NEXT DAY SPIN REPORTS TO HIS COMMANDANT.....





Follow Spin Shaw in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

LALA PALOOZA

SO, YOU JUST GOT A JOB AS A SALESMAN! WHY THAT'S SPLENDID!

BUT I CAN'T SELL ANYTHING!

NONSENSE! BE AGGRESSIVE! DON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER! YOU MARCH RIGHT OUT AND MAKE PEOPLE BUY

LALA'S RIGHT —I WON'T TAKE "NO" FOR AN ANSWER!

MR. BULLWAITE WILL SEE NO ONE TODAY! IMPORTANT CONFERENCE!

ONE SIDE PLEASE!

BUT THIS MERGER MEANS MILLIONS

BILLIONS!

YOU HAVE THE DECIDING VOTE...B--AND ONLY TWO MINUTES TO CLOSE THE CONTRACT!

IT'S THE BIGGEST DEAL IN FINANCIAL HISTORY--YET I HESITATE!

WHILE WE ALL LOSE A FORTUNE!

TWO MINUTES--ONLY TWO MINUTES LEFT!

MY BUSINESS IS IMPORTANT!

GENTLEMEN ---- YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE!

SUSPEND THAT LITTLE BUSINESS FOR A SECOND AND OBSERVE SOMETHING REALLY SENSATIONAL!

BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A THING TILL YOU SEE HIM DO A FLIP-FLOP! --AND ONLY 25¢!

THERE GOES OUR MERGER

IT'S NO USE! I GUESS THE WORLD JUST ISN'T READY FOR THIS SORT OF THING!

LALA PALOOZA

WHAT HAPPENED HERE M I ?

YOUR ROCKET SHIP CRASHED— YOU'RE ON THE PLANET JUPITER!

WHAT NAME DO THEY CALL YOU BY ?

FLASH VINCENT!

LOOK!—A FLOCK OF FLYING SLAPHAPPYS! WE'RE DOOMED!

TUT TUT, TOOTSE— NOT WHILE I HAVE MY TRUSTY DISINTEGRATOR PISTOL!

KIND OF A COZEY TRAP Y'GOT HERE, SWEET STUFF!

THIS IS THE PALACE OF WOO WOO, QUEEN OF JUPITER

ONE, TWO, BUTTON MY SHOE.

NICE SHOOTING EARTH MAN.

PRINCESS KOTCHA BRINGS AN EARTH MAN O QUEEN

AH!

AN ADONIS !—YOU WILL RULE JUPITER AS MY KING !

OH, Y'KNOW OF LIKE WE HUH ?

OH NO—HE'S MINE! I FOUND HIM AND I WON'T GIVE HIM UP!

AHH DON'T Y'FIGHT THE WINNER GETS ME!

IF I CAN'T HAVE HIM NO-ONE SHALL! I'LL DESTROY US ALL— BY SMASHING THESE VIALS OF PLANET PULVERIZER !!

WOW! WHAT A DREAM—I BETTER SWITCH TO READING "MOTHER GOOSE" BEFORE BEDTIME!

More of Lala Palooza and Vincent in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RANCH KEANE

by WILL ARTHUR

RANCH AND PAL HAD HIKED FOR DAYS AND FINALLY CAME UPON A SMALL RANCH HOUSE AS THE TWO RIDERS DREW CLOSER TO THE BUILDING THEY MADE OUT THE FIGURE OF AN OLD MAN SITTING ON THE PORCH

I'M HERE! THAT'S BLUE PATCHARD HE HAS AN OLD FRIEND OF MY MOTHER'S HERE AND THERE'S A DAUGHTER LOLA AND THERE KIDS TOGETHER I HONOR WHAT WE'RE GOING IN THESE PARTS.....

HELLO THERE YOU OLD HORNSWOGGLED DO YOU REMEMBER HER

BUT WAIT! I'M RANCH KEANE!

SO NEXT TIME I'LL BE TO THE OLD MAN'S LEAN AND THE LASS SO NEXT THE HOUSE TO TALK OF WHAT HE HAPPENED IN THE GUARD BOOT BEGIN TO ROLL AND SAW EACH OTHER

UP UNTIL LAST WEEK I RAN THIS RANCH BUT I'M GETTING A LITTLE OLD SO I SOLD OUT AND JUST KEEP THIS LITTLE SPREAD AND A FEW HEAD OF CATTLE SO AS TO HAVE SOMETHING TO DO.....

IT'S BEEN A LITTLE LONESOME WITH LOLA GONE TO COLLEGE IN NEW YORK CITY. I'VE ALWAYS SENT HER AN ALLOWANCE BUT I JUST GOT MY MONEY FOR SELLING THE RANCH AND I'M GOING TO SEND IT ALL TO HER TOMORROW AND SHE CAN PUT IT IN A BANK IN NEW YORK

I'D BETTER PUT IT IN A BANK DAT'S TOMORROW BUS IT WON'T SAFE TO KEEP IT HERE

OH NOTHING I'LL JUMP ON THE STAGE AND PUT IT IN A PLACE I'VE GOT IN THE FIREPLACE

WELL OF COURSE, IT'S BEEN THAT'S IT'S UP TO YOU BUT I WOULDN'T THINK YOU'D TAKE ANY CHANCES

OUR LOVE RANCH LET YOU WORRY TOO MUCH

THE OLD MAN AFTER THE STAGE LEFT TOOK TO HEART A FEW WORDS WITH LOLA AND THEY ACCEPT RANCH AND PAL THE PAIR TO RIDE AWAY AFTER THEY HAD SAID GOOD BY TO THEIR OLD FRIEND

DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH DOING HERE IN THE AFTERNOON!

BUT I'LL BET EVERY MAN FOR MILES AROUND PUTS IN AN APPEARANCE TONIGHT!

NO LOOK OUT!

SHOTS! AND THEY'RE COMING FROM EXETCHARD'S HOUSE!

AND THEY PULL UP TO THE HOUSE AND HURRY INSIDE

WHAT THE—

IT'S PATCHARD! HE'S BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK!

RANCE QUICKLY NOTES THAT THE MONEY HAS ALSO BEEN RANSACKED AND THE MONEY STOLEN—

PATCHARD FALLS DEAD AS PUBLIC WORK

R. R. RANCE GET MONEY BACK FROM BANK TAKE TO OLD COLLEGE—NEW YORK PLEASE

SURE BOSS I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT FOR YOU—DO YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?

SHOT IN BACK DIDN'T SEE WHO MONEY STOLEN! GEE!

HE'S DEAD

THE BOSS LAY THE BODY OF A DEAD COP IT WITH A BLANKET AND SENT BACK INTO TOWN—

RANCE SAT IN THOUGHT AND REPORT TO A NEW DEVELOPMENTS AT DUE—

I HAVE IT PEE WEE!

WHAT YOU GOT, RANCE?

A BAN' REMINDER THAT BILL BOOED WAS SAW ADVERTISING THE SHOW TONIGHT? WELL I HAVE A HUNCH THE MURDERER OF BUD PINTO AND BILL BE THERE ... AND WE'RE GOING TO CATCH 'EM!

YOU SAID YOURSELF MOST EVERY MAN HEREABOUTS WILL BE THERE! HOW YA GONNA TELL MUCH ONE KILLED PINTO CASS?

THAT'S SIMPLE! I'M GOING TO GET AN EMPTY LIQUOR BOTTLE AND FILL IT WITH CHERRY SODA POP!

THAT NIGHT RANCE AND PEE WEE HEAD FOR THE SHOW AT BUD MILLER'S PINTO CASS—

NOW DON'T FORGET, BUT I TOLD YOU PEE WEE WE'LL BOTH ACT LIKE WE'RE INTOXICATED AND MUSS EVERYBODY'S HAIR UP.....

O.K. RANCE BUT I STILL DON'T SEE

AS RANCE AND PEE WEE CRASH INTO THE MEN AT THE SHOW THEY ARE CAREFUL TO RUN A HAND THROUGH THE MEN'S HAIR.....

PEE WEE IS THE FIRST TO GET RESULTS—

BUT RANCE I DON'T SAY! THAT YER UP TO

BE PATIENT PEE WEE! YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH!

H'LO BY BOOY! CHE-HONK BY BOOY!

WHOOPEE!!

WHOOPS! I SORRY MISTER!

AI! AI! WATCH OUT, COWBOY!

SOOT!

HEY RANCE! HERE'S THE CRITTER WE'RE LOOKIN' FER!

HEY WHAT—!

THE BOYS DROP THEIR HOLT AND RANCE POUNCES ON THE MAN WITH THE SOOT IN HIS HAIR——

GET THE SHERIFF ON THE 'PHONE!

AS THE SHERIFF COMES UP RANCE REACHES INTO THE MAN'S SHIRT AND DRAWS OUT A PACKAGE OF BILLS——

HEY WHAT'S SO FUNNY HERE?

RANCE THE MAN LOCKED AND ROARED HE PATTERED HERE IT'S THE BOOTH TO PROVE IT! THE MONEY

AND THE SOOT PROOF PATTERED IT! COME ON RANCE THE MONEY HAS BEEN STOLEN THE MAN FORGOT TO WASH OUT OF HIS HAIR——!

LET ME LOOSE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO HANG ME!

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

AS THE CLOCKER BREAKS LOOSE RANCE DIVES AFTER HIM——

I'LL HOPE YOU WOULD TRY SOMETHING LIKE THIS——

SO THAT THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY DOUBT OF YOUR GUILT AND SO THAT I COULD MESS YOU UP A LITTLE MORE!

HUNPH!

LATER—

WELL RANCE THAT'S THAT!

NOT IT! NOT FOR ME! WE'VE STILL GOT A TED TO MAKE! WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THAT HONEY TO LOLA IN NEW YORK!

Ranee Keene appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

ONLY KIDDIN'

I KNOW YOU WANNA REDUCE MAMA – BUT WHAT'LL THE FELLOWS THINK IF YOU GO ON THE HIKE WITH US?

I'VE BEEN GYPPED! THE SALESMAN SAID THIS WOULD SCARE THE PANTS OFF EVERYBODY!

GIVE ME SOME BLACK EYE PAINT AND A HAIRCUT!

I LOVE A PARADE

WISE GUY– EH?

LOOK, MAYME– A CHIP OFF TH' OLD BLOCK!

CALL FOR ME AT NINE, FORSYTHE, OR I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR LUMPS!

Buy the June issue of FEATURE COMICS at your regular newsstand.

Captain Bruce Blackburn

COUNTERSPY

WORKING TIRELESSLY TO GUARD OUR NATION'S SECRETS AS THE ARMY OF COUNTERSPIES, MEN TRAINED IN THE JOB OF CATCHING SPIES

● THESE, THE BEST IS CAPTAIN BRUCE BLACKBURN OF THE U.S. ARMY INTELLIGENCE CORPS

HOWEVER, IT SEEMS THAT CAPTAIN BLACKBURN'S USEFULNESS IS NOW AT AN END. FOR HIS IDENTITY IS KNOWN! THERE REMAINS ONE LAST RESORT FOR CRIPPLING HIS USEFULNESS TO HIS COUNTRY

LIVING DEAD MEN!

THIS IS A SWELL JOB, CAPTAIN!

I KNOW, LIEU TENANT JACKSON BUT IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

ON A VIRGINIA MOUNTAIN ROAD.

IF THAT FOOL HADN'T GIVEN BLACKBURN'S PICTURE TO THE PAPERS, THIS SACRIFICE WOULD NOT BE NECESSARY!

COLONEL JORDAN, CHIEF OF INTELLIGENCE FLIGHTS IN A SECOND CAR.

EVERYTHING'S SET! OUR IDENTIFICATION DISCS ARE ON THE TWO CORPSES WE GOT FROM THE MEDICAL SCHOOL. NOW, TOUCH A MATCH TO THAT GAS!

IT'S A WELL SELECTED SPOT ON THE ROAD. ENEMY PREPARATIONS TAKE PLACE

THERE WE GO, JACKSON!

FROM NOW ON, CAPTAIN, WE ARE OFFICIALLY DEAD!

CREEPY, EH, JACKSON?

GOOD WORK, BRUCE! NOW LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE!

AND NOW TO COLONEL JORDAN!

THE CHIEF'S CAR ARRIVES

YOUR ONLY CHANCE OF CARRYING ON... AND STOPPING THAT WAR DEPARTMENT "LEAK" IS FOR EVERYONE TO THINK YOU ARE DEAD!

YOU'RE SURE THAT PLASTIC SURGEON WON'T TALK, COLONEL?

HE CAN'T AFFORD TO TALK!

THIS BUSINESS OF READING MY OWN OBITUARY GIVES ME THE CREEPS!!

HERE'S DR. BLAND!

NEXT MORNING, IN A PRIVATE HOSPITAL

CAPTAIN BLACKBURN, AND LIEUTENANT JACKSON, DOCTOR

INCREDIBLE! THESE HEADLINES!

KILLED IN CRA

DOCTOR, OUR NATION'S SAFETY REQUIRES THAT YOU MAKE THESE MEN LOOK LIKE **IDENTICAL** TWINS AND **UNCLE** THEY LOOK NOW!

FOR YOU, I'LL DO IT!

TWO WEEKS LATER, PRAYING THAT THE OPERATION HAS BEEN A SUCCESS, DOCTOR JORDAN RETURNS TO SLADE'S HOSPITAL IN NEW YORK, WHERE THEY REMOVE THE BANDAGES FROM BRUCE AND JACKSON IN THE MEANTIME, SECRET STILL TRICKS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT

IT'S PERFECT! WHICH ONE OF YOU IS BRUCE?

I AM,

AND I'M JACKSON!

I'M PROUD OF MY JOB!

..... THE THREE INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS HEAD BACK TO WASHINGTON

IF HE FOOL SERGEANT GURK, HE CAN FOOL ANYBODY!

OUTSIDE THE ARTISTS' SHOP, HOW TO SCENE AS A "BLIND" FOR SECRET ACTIVITIES

SORRY, GENTS.... WE'RE NOT OPEN FOR BUSINESS YET....

OH, **REALLY** SERGEANT!

WH-WHY CAPTAIN BLACKBURN! ...AND LIEUTENANT JACKSON! I WOULDN'T HAVE KNOWN YOU!!

GUESS OUR NEW FACES WILL DO, COLONEL!

THE SECRET DOOR'S IN THE BACK OF THAT CLOSET. IT LEADS TO THE TUNNEL, BRUCE!

I'LL STAY AT THE SHOP

IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE ANTIQUE SHOP

SO WHILE THE LIEUTENANT IS IN PLAIN SIGHT, RUNNIN' THE SHOP, THE CAPTAIN CAN BE OUT A-ROAMIN' SPIES!

AND WHEN I WANT TO TALK TO CAPTAIN BLACKBURN, HE TAKES JACOBI'S PLACE! IT'S **PERFECT!**

... AT THE TUNNEL DOOR ADJOINING THE SHOP WITH THE "A" STREET HOUSE

THESE BUTTONS WORK THE LONG PANEL HERE IN THE HOUSE

YOU'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING

IN THE HOUSE ON "A" STREET

BRUCE... ABOUT THIS LEAK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT... I HAVE ONE LEAD! SCHMIDTZ IS BACK IN TOWN!

HE'S A DANGEROUS AGENT, SIR!

SCHMIDTZ'S PRETTY CONFIDENT... USING HIS OWN NAME! I'LL TAKE SERGEANT QUIRK AND SEARCH HIS APARTMENT!

BRUCE SAID HE'D SCHMIDTZ

SCHMIDTZ IS OUT, CAPTAIN! YOU CAN GET TO HIS APARTMENT THROUGH THE DUMB-WAITER ON NUMBERS 4-5

YOU STAY IN THE HALL TO WARN ME IF HE RETURNS!

THE NIGHT

FIRST TRIP IN A DUMB-WAITER FOR ME!

HOOK THE DOOR AHEAD!

GO! A SECRET DRAWER!... AND A LOT OF OTHER MESSAGES! THIS SHOULD HELP!

HEY, MR. SCHMIDTZ! HOW ABOUT THAT BILL?

I OWE NO BILL!

MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE IN THE HALL

HEY, MR. SCHMIDTZ!

GOOD OLD QUIRK! HE THINKS FAST! I'D BETTER SCRAM

THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

THE SKIPPER'S TIMETABLE

FIND ANYTHING, CAPTAIN?

A LOT OF CIPHER MESSAGES IF I CAN ONLY SOLVE THEM!

5 MINUTES LATER

PLAYFAIR CIPHER, EH? WITHOUT THE KEY IT'S HOPELESS! THAT DATE! H.M. IT MIGHT BE THE KEY!

★ SUCCESS HUGS ... IN THE "PLAYFAIR CIPHER", EACH LETTER MAY BE ANY ONE OF 24 SYMBOLS!

GOT IT! GURK! CALL COLONEL JORDAN, AND ASK HIM TO COME OVER HERE!

FINALLY, AS DAWN BROKE!

LOOK AT THIS, COLONEL!... IT IS SCHWARTZ WHO'S GETTING THOSE WAR DEPARTMENT SECRETS!

data from the drafting room has continue to use this source 'x' three

THE WORKED OUT MESSAGE FROM SHARTZ'S CODE

WE'VE GOT SCHWARTZ NOW! TAP HIS PHONE, WATCH HIS MAIL,... TRAIL HIM,.. AND HE'LL LEAD US TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT TRAITOR!

WE MUST PLUG THAT LEAK BY NEXT WEEK!

HOW DOES HE GET HIS INFORMATION!... FOR 3 DAYS HE'S SPOKEN TO NO ONE,.. MADE NO PHONE CALLS!

AFTER THREE DAYS OF TRAILING...

COLONEL, I'M STUMPED!... FOR 3 DAYS SCHWARTZ HASN'T SPOKEN TO A SOUL!

NO MAIL OR MESSAGES EITHER!

THAT NIGHT!

BUT THIS LEAK MUST BE STOPPED IN TWO DAYS!... WE START ON THE PLANS FOR THE NEW AUTOMATIC RIFLE THEN!

IT CAN'T BE HOPELESS!

HAVE EVERY WAR DEPARTMENT DRAFTING ROOM EMPLOYEE SHADOWED!... IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL KEEP AFTER SCHWARTZ!

RIGHT, BRUCE!

INTERESTING!... SCHWARTZ'S ONLY REGULAR HABIT IS EATING IN THIS RESTAURANT NEAR THE WAR DEPARTMENT!

THE NEXT NOON HOUR

I WONDER!... THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT!

IT BAFFLES ME!... HE DOESN'T SPEAK TO A SOUL!

BRUCE FOLLOWS THE SPY INTO THE RESTAURANT.... AND WATCHES!

NOTHING PASSED BETWEEN SCHWARTZ AND THE WAITRESS... I'M SURE OF THAT!

HELLO! THIS DRAFTSMAN SMITS EATS AT ENTENTE INN EVERY DAY ALSO!... SAME HOUR AS SCHWARTZ!

BUT HE NEVER TALKS TO ANYONE!

LATER... BRUCE STUDIES AGENTS' REPORTS ON DRAFTING ROOM EMPLOYEES

IT CAN'T BE DONE!... OR CAN IT?... THE TREATY OF BERLIN WAS STOLEN BY A SPY WHO NEVER SPOKE TO ANYONE!

THERE'S SCHWARTZ'S HAT! WATCH IT CLOSELY, GURK!

OKAY CAPTAIN!

NEXT MORN... AT THE ENTENTE INN

SAY, CAPTAIN, WHICH HAT IS SCHWARTZ'S?... THERE'S ANOTHER JUST LIKE IT RIGHT ALONG SIDE.

YES... THERE WOULD HAVE TO BE!

WELL, THERE GOES SCHWARTZ, AND I DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING

NO? YOU ONLY SAW THE DELIVERY OF THE PLANS, AND THE PAYOFF!

YOU TRAIL SCHWARTZ!... I'LL FOLLOW THE LITTLE GUY IN THE DERBY!

ISN'T THAT MR SMITS?

WHY, YES, IT IS!

DRAFTING ROOM, WAR DEPARTMENT

COLONEL?... YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS.... ARREST A MAN NAMED SMITS IN THE DRAFTING ROOM!... HE'S YOUR LEAK! I'LL SEE YOU TONIGHT!

SMITS CONFESSED! BUT HOW WAS IT DONE?

THE PLANS HERE IN SMITS' HAT.... THE MONEY WAS IN SCHWARTZ'S!... THEY HUNG THEIR HATS SIDE BY SIDE AND SWAPPED!

Follow Bruce Blackburn, The Counterspy, in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RUSTY RYAN of Boyville

by Paul Gustavson

A SMALL DRAW FROM BOY-VILLE SITS WITH TWO STRAW GERS IN A NEAR-BY TOWN'S DRUG STORE

YOU SEE, BOBBY—MR. LOCKHART IS A VERY KIND MAN...AND WHEN HE HEARD YOU ALMOST DROWNED LAST WEEK HE CAME RIGHT OUT HERE TO SEE THAT YOU GOT SOME INSURANCE—

NOW, YOU JUST SIGN RIGHT HERE AND YOU'LL HAVE AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR $5,000!

SURE! GOSH!—LOOKIT ALL THE SODAS YOU'VE BOUGHT ME!

GEE, MR. LOCKHART, YOU'RE A SWELL GUY!

AHEM—I'M GLAD YOU THINK SO, MY BOY!

COME NOW, BOBBY, AND WE'LL DRIVE YOU UP TO BOYVILLE!

IN YOUR NEW CAR? OH, BOY!

A SHORT TIME LATER THE CAR STOPS IN FRONT OF THE TINY WOODEN BRIDGE CROSSING THE RIVER TO BOYVILLE....

WELL, GOODBYE, BOBBY—DON'T FALL INTO THE RIVER AGAIN!

I WON'T, MR. LOCKHART!

NICE SOIN'! TH' KID'S WORTH $5,000 DEAD—AN' WE'RE HIS BENEFICIARIES! DID YOU TAKE CARE OF THE BRIDGE?

YES—JUST CROSS YOUR FINGERS SO EVERYTHING WILL WORK OUT ALL RIGHT!

AS BOBBY RUNS ACROSS THE BRIDGE TO BOYVILLE, IT SUDDENLY COLLAPSES AND HE FALLS INTO THE ROARING WATERS BELOW!!

AND TWO BOYS FISHING FROM THE CLIFFS NEARBY SEE THE BRIDGE FALL DOWN—ONE LAD IS RUSTY RYAN.

RUSTY! THERE WAS SOMEONE ON THE BRIDGE WHEN IT CAVED IN!

WHAT?

OH, SMILEY—IT'S LITTLE BOBBY!!

IN A FLASH RUSTY DIVES FROM THE CLIFF FOR BOBBY...

STAY UP, BOBBY ---- I'M COMING!

RUSTY REACHES BOBBY AS HE STARTS TO GO DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME.....

AND WITH A FAST THRUST HE BOOSTS THE LITTLE BOY !

I THOUGHT -- GLUB --- I'D NEVER GET YOU UP, BOBBY! WHEW!

BLUB-- BLUB-ULP!

G-GOSH-ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, BOBBY?

ULP--GLUB--Y-YES!

SAY-WHAT'S THIS?

I DON'T KNOW-- MR. LOCKHART, A MAN WHO LIVES AT THE HOTEL IN TOWN GAVE IT TO ME -- AN' A LOTTA SODAS TOO!

HMM- SMILEY-- IT'S AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR $5,000 MADE OUT IN BOBBY'S NAME WITH MR. LOCKHART AS THE BENEFICIARY!

WOW-- $5,000!

YOU SAID IT! THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT ALL THIS -C'MON WE'D BETTER GET SOME DRY CLOTHES ON AND SHOW THIS TO CAPPY JENKS!

AS CAPPY JENKS, THE DIRECTOR OF BOWALLS LISTENS TO WHAT HAPPENED TO BOBBY.....

HMM--- IT DOES SEEM STRANGE -- BUT WE HAVE NO PROOF THAT MR. LOCKHART TRIED TO DROWN BOBBY!

I'LL FIND THAT PROOF SOMEHOW, CAPPY JENKS 'C'MON SMILEY!

BUT RUSTY-- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

AS RUSTY AND SMILEY RUN OUT OF CAPPY JENKS' OFFICE

TSK-TSK--BOYS WILL BE BOYS--I DON'T KNOW WHETHER OR NOT I SHOULD STOP 'EM--- OR MAYBE FOLLOW 'EM!

LOOK--SAWDUST ON THE ROCKS, SMILEY!

YEAH--AND A BEAM NEVER BREAKS RIGHT OFF LIKE THAT!

MEANWHILE, RUSTY AND SMILEY EXAMINE THE COLLAPSED BRIDGE

I'M GONNA TAKE A PICTURE OF THIS FOR----

--EVIDENCE! C'MON--I'VE AN IDEA HOW WE'LL GET SOME MORE!

REACHING THE SMALL TOWN NEAR BOYVILLE, RUSTY AND SMILEY GO TO THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER....

ALL WE NEED MR. HICKS IS ONE COPY!

SURE--IF YOU GIVE ME THE STORY AN' PICTURES WHEN YOU DO FIGURE THIS OUT!

THERE--TA' TYPES SET!! MIKE--KILL THE HEADLINE AND COLUMN SEVEN AN' EIGHT FOR A SINGLE RUN--HURRY!!

HERE YOU ARE, BOYS--HOT OFF THE PRESS! HOW'S IT LOOK?

LEMME SEE TOO!

BOBBY THOMAS OF BOYVILLE MURDERER IN BRIDGE COLLAPSE

THE MURDERER OF BOBBY THOMAS IS STILL AT LARGE ALTHOUGH THE SHERIFF IS KEEPING WITHIN CLOSE RANGE OF HIM IN CASE HE ATTEMPTS TO ESCAPE ENOUGH EVIDENCE HAS BEEN COLLECTED TO HANG THE MURDERER

WE'RE HEADING FOR THE HOTEL SMILEY!

THANKS, MR. HICKS!

MIKE--STOP THE PRESSES AN' KILL THE FIRST PAGE FOR AN EXTRA! WITH RUSTY ON A STORY IT'S A SURE BET!

AS RUSTY AND SMILEY REACH MR. LOCKWOOD'S ROOM AT THE HOTEL

GET SET WITH THE CAMERA, SMILEY--HERE GOES!

EXTRA! BOY KILLED IN BOYVILLE BRIDGE COLLAPSE!

GIMME ONE OF THOSE PAPERS, KID!

WHAT'S IT SAY?

AS RUSTY RYAN SHOUTS HIS HEADLINE MR. LOCKHART AND HIS PAL "BEAR"...

OLD H-HEY—I COULDN'T HAVE SLIPPED UP THIS MUCH!

NO??

WELL YOU DID AH! IT'S TIME WE CLEAR OUTA HERE!

AS THE TWO MEN READ THE STORY RUSTY SLIPS INTO HER ROOM...

LOOK SMILEY—HE SAW—THEN IT WAS THESE TWO!

HEY—WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?

I'M TAKING THIS SAW THAT YOU CUT THE BRIDGE BEAMS WITH TO THE SHERIFF!

G-GEE—THE KID MUST KNOW SOMETHING! WE GOTTA GET RID OF HIM!

YOU SAID IT!

SMILEY—RUN FOR THE SHERIFF!

WHAT TH'—ANOTHER ONE—GET AFTER HIM!

A YANK-ING ME CORNER SMILEY RUNS SMACK INTO CAPPY JENKS WHO IS COMING UP THE STAIRS

CAPPY JENKS—WE HAVE PROOF THAT MR. LOCKHART TRIED TO KILL BOBBY AND HE'S AFTER ME—HIS FRIEND HAS RUSTY IN THEIR ROOM!

AS LOCKHART RUNS AROUND THE CORNER CAPPY JENKS STICKS OUT HIS CANE AND HE CRASHES INTO THE RAILING

THAT'LL HOLD YOU!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, KID!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, SONNY!

CAPPY JENKS!

THERE—THEY'RE BOTH TIED UP! NOW TO TAKE THEM TO THE SHERIFF!

I'LL HAVE TO GO DOWN TO MR. HICKS WITH THE STORY—I PROMISED I'D TELL HIM ALL ABOUT IT FOR HELPING US OUT!

AS RUSTY LEAVES THE HOTEL

EXTRA!

HUH? WHY MR HICKS NEARLY PRINTED THE STORY BEFORE IT HAPPENED!

Read Rusty Ryan each month in FEATURE COMICS.

GOLD OF ATLANTIS

By Robert M. Hyatt

Pressure 352.6 depth 2314 . . .

Perry Scott checked the dials once more and spoke into the engine room tube: "Give her everything, O'Malley."

The giant electric motors hummed softly, carrying the sub through the black world of water at the bottom of the south Atlantic. It was a dangerous mission, this that Perry Scott had set out upon in the revolutionary submarine he had designed.

They were traversing the unknown depths far below the famed Sargasso Sea, that vast forest of kelp where ships were said to have vanished, never to return.

Bob Seebold, chief mate, entered the control room. He glanced at the panel and shook his head.

"My gosh, Perry," he said, "we're down almost three thousand feet! You think - - -"

"Now, Bob," grinned Perry, "remember your blood pressure. We're perfectly safe—even if we go down four thousand."

Bob left the control room, not at all reassured, and Perry turned to the controls. A few more hours, if things went well, and they'd be at their destination—one that nobody had ever thought existed. According to the chart, they were now in the vicinity of Timbolo, a giant volcanic peak of Atlantis. Its flat crater reared several hundred feet above the surface of the ocean. It had, Perry figured, a subterranean entrance.

Perry's thoughts traveled back to a day more than a year past. Caught in a terrific storm, he had brought his plane down on a hitherto uncharted mountain in the Atlantic. Fortunately, the landing place he had blindly selected had been flat. He had huddled inside the ship until the storm blew itself out. Then he had made an astonishing discovery. His plane had stopped at the very edge of a vast crater, a crater in the middle of the Sargasso Sea. All around it yellowish mists rose, deadly thick mists that obscured the sun most of the time.

He had brought out his glasses and studied the interior of the crater, whose walls were perpendicular. Wife had seen, some four thousand feet below, the ruins of a city. A CITY OF ATLANTIS! In the center of the white crumbling buildings there was a large lake.

While he meditated on this valuable find, he saw something else that made his heart race. In the courtyard of what looked like a ruined temple, he saw a gleaming shaft of gold that rose out of a bowl-shaped structure. Gold! Gold of lost Atlantis!

He had made up his mind instantly. A few months previously he had earned a small fortune by salvaging, with the aid of his electric diving rig, a rich cargo from a sunken ship. He would build a submarine; he had thought of it before—a radical type of sub that would descend to great depths. He would enter Atlantis from the sea bottom!

The engine room bell clanged and Perry jumped.

"Perry," came Bob Seebold's voice out of the tube, "we seem to be caught in a strong current ——"

Perry leaped to the control board. The speed indicator needle was crawling around the dial. He rang for slow. Then a full stop. Still the sub raced ahead.

Dutch Larkin, chief engineer, bounded into the control room. His face was chalk white.

"Great heavens, sir," he cried, "we're out of control. The engines are in reverse and look at our forward speed!"

Perry nodded coolly. "I see. I think we're caught in the drift of the tunnel I expected to find here. Keep your shirt on, Dutch. I think we'll be safe."

Larkin made a despairing sound and whirled out of the room. The whole crew would know of their plight soon. Would they go berserk? Men trapped in a runaway sub, thousands of feet below the sea, might be expected to do anything. He hoped, he prayed—

A soft jar shook the ship. It lurched, rolled to one side, then settled back. The speed indicator said zero. They had stopped!

Perry snapped the periscope beam open and whistled softly as the view flashed across the chart before him. The sub floated on the lake Perry had seen from the crater top!

He spoke into the annunciator system that had outlets over the entire craft:

"All hands on deck . . . we're on the surface!"

The men needed no goading. Madly they scrambled up the ladder and out the conning tower entrance. They gave a wild yell as they saw the blessed sunshine. Perry thought this was the time to tell them something.

"Fellows," he said, standing on the steel deck, "we're here. We've had a scare, but everything's all right now. You're

free to do what you will. I think you may find gold around these ruins. It's yours if you find it. All I want is a camera record that this city of Atlantis exists. Well, let's start looking!"

They moored the sub at shore. Perry got his camera equipment off, and the men scattered out to explore.

There was no sign of life, no growing thing to be seen. It was a dead world. A dead world within a dead volcano. Whence had come, and where had gone the people who had built this once beautiful city? It was a question for science to answer. Perry's job was to make a photographic record of everything.

Gates, the radio man, already had his powerful portable set up near the temple ruins and was trying to contact the outside world. He was having little success, due, he said, to the metallic elements in the crater walls. He kept trying, however, and toward evening received faint signals. His message was simply this:

"Perry Scott expedition calling Florida Coast Gdard from Atlantis. Attention Coast Guard. In bad situation. Sub anchored in bottom of volcano. May be unable to get out. Send planes with cable and tackle. Position, center of Sargasso Sea. Be careful, bad landing."

He repeated the message, then shut off the sending apparatus, switched on the receiver. "Hope they hear us," he said laconically.

Perry, just returned from several hours of "shooting," grinned. "So do I," he said. "If they don't, well ——"

"You don't think our tub will pull us out?" Gates queried.

"Doubtful," Perry replied. Indeed, he was convinced that the sub would never take them back through that tunnel with its terrific current. If the Coast Guard was unable to find them, they were lost. They could never scale the towering walls of the crater. The problem was, would the Coast Guard be able to find them? Would they be able to land their planes if they did?

That night, the crew slept on board the sub. So far, they had found no gold, but their spirits were high. They had explored only about a third of the city. In the morning they were off again. Perry set out to continue his pictorial recording of Atlantis. Gates got busy at his radio.

At noon, the entire crew returned for lunch. The sun was directly overhead, lighting up the crater like the inside of a bright cup. Perry was glad none of the men had started worrying about how they would get back to civilization. It would be bad if they did.

Gates' radio arc sputtered and hissed and he cut it off to listen. Suddenly he shouted for quiet.

"They're here!" he cried. "They're overhead, but they can't see us yet." He began sending out their position madly. A wild yell halted him, brought the men whirling around in confusion. A strange sight met their eyes. Above them, emerging slowly from the cup-like formation Perry had seen from the crater top, was a huge golden thing. Fully a foot in diameter, it towered upward a good ten feet, swaying slowly back and forth, and emitting, from enormous jaws, a loud hissing sound.

"Sea snake!" yelled one of the men. "My gosh, I'm gettin' outa here!" He ran, stumbled, and fell in a heap on the rough stones. Several others piled on top of him. All was wild confusion.

"Listen!" shouted Perry. "It won't hurt you. It's the thing I saw from above. In the sun it looks like gold. Some kind of anaconda, I'd say. Watch it."

The serpent apparently was disinterested in the tableau below it. Its gaze was directed upward, from whence came the increasing roar of several planes. The Coast Guard. They were landing!

"Well," said Perry, "I guess it only comes out when it hears something above. A sort of guard for the old city." He trained his movie camera on the snake and began cranking.

"At least," he grinned, "we'll take back a swell picture record of gold from Atlantis!"

Another Perry Scott yarn in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS, on sale April 28th.



"THE VOICE"

IN THE YEAR 1780 A SHIP WAS SUNK BY A TYPHOON IN THE SOUTH SEAS. A MAN, HIS WIFE AND THEIR SMALL BOY SURVIVED THE DISASTER... THEY DRIFTED TO A SMALL TROPICAL ISLAND AND FOUND ONLY RARE LIFE-GIVING HERBS FOR FOOD. THE MAN AND HIS WIFE FINALLY DIED BUT THE MAGIC OF THE HERBS PRESERVED THE LIFE OF THE BOY...

150 YEARS LATER A SHIP STOPS AT THIS UNKNOWN ISLAND AND AN OLD MAN IS TAKEN FROM IT'S SHORES.

ONE YEAR LATER WE SEE THIS SAME OLD MAN IN A ROOMING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

I MUST FIND IT-- I MUST!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

MR ELIXIR, I MUST HAVE MY RENT!

PLEASE--WAIT ONE MORE WEEK--PLEASE!

POSITIVELY NOT! I'VE WAITED FIVE WEEKS ALREADY--YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE UP THE ROOM TODAY!

JUST A MINUTE!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS WEEKS RENT FOR YOU--YOU CAN PAY ME BACK LATER...

MY FRIEND--YOU HAVE SAVED MY LIFE!! I'LL SHOW YOU--COME IN HERE!

THE OLD MAN TELLS OF HIS LONG LIFE ON THE TROPICAL SOUTH SEA ISLAND.

--AND THESE HERBS MADE IT POSSIBLE FOR ME TO LIVE 'TIL NOW--I BROUGHT ONLY A SMALL BOX OF THEM BACK TO CIVILIZATION AND MY SUPPLY IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED!

--I HAVE BEEN WORKING FOR MONTHS TO DISCOVER THEIR CHEMICAL PROPERTIES--ORDINARY FOOD IS NOT ENOUGH FOR ME!

IF I CANNOT FIND A WAY TO MAKE MORE OF THIS FOOD I WILL DIE WITHIN WEEKS!

HMM... THE OLD GUY IS NUTS!!

?

A WEEK PASSES. THE OLD MAN WORKS FEVERISHLY. SUDDENLY LATE ONE NIGHT HE ACCIDENTLY SPILLS A VIAL OF CHEMICAL LIQUID...

HMM--THE LEAF OF THIS PLANT TURNS BROWN WHEN THE CHEMICAL TOUCHES IT! THE LEAF IS SHRINKING!!

IT LOOKS AND TASTES JUST LIKE THE TROPICAL HERB FOOD I'VE BEEN TRYING TO MAKE!

IT IS THE LIFE GIVING HERB!! I FEEL AS STRONG AS A GIANT!!--BUT WAIT--

YES, I CAN EVEN LIFT THIS PIANO!

WELL--I'LL BE----!

OH. OH.

?

SWISH

YOU ARE THE ONLY OTHER MAN ALIVE WHO KNOWS OF MY DISCOVERY!!

I'M 150 YEARS OLD BUT I'VE FOUND THE ELIXIR OF LIFE AND I CAN DO ANYTHING!

I WILL SECRETLY FIGHT ORGANIZED CRIME--AND YOU WILL HELP ME!!

WHA-AT?

TIME PASSES--THE OLD MAN HAS LEARNED THE ARTS OF VENTRILOQUISM, HYPNOTISM AND SLEIGHT-OF-HAND...

HOW TO HYPNOTIZE PEOPLE AND THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

SUDDENLY ONE DAY AS IF TESTED BY FATE MR. ELIXIR READS A TEMPTING HEADLINE....

DAILY MAIL
ROBBING HOLDUPS IN PARK LANE DISTRICT
AT LEAST FIVE HOLDUPS HAVE BEEN STAGED BY A
ALL FIVE VICTIMS HAD JUST COMPLETED SALES OF JEWELRY

LATE THE NEXT AFTERNOON MR. ELIXIR OVERHEARS A HUSHED CONVERSATION AS HE STANDS IN A DOORWAY NEAR MARTINSON'S HOME

HENRY T. MORGAN JUST LEFT MARTINSON'S AND IS HEADED THIS WAY IN A BLACK SEDAN... LICENSE NUMBER 20103-B...

MR. ELIXIR QUICKLY LEAVES THE DOORWAY....

AND JUMPING INTO A CAR HE SPOTS MORGAN'S ONCOMING AUTOMOBILE—

THAT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! LICENSE NUMBER 20103-B....

SCREECH

STICK 'EM UP, MORGAN! HAND OVER THAT MONEY YOU'RE CARRYING!!

GOOD HEAVENS!

A NEAT HAUL--$10,500!

15 MINUTES LATER MORGAN IS HELD UP AGAIN BY A GANG OF MEN...

ALL RIGHT, MORGAN! HAND OVER THAT BLACK MONEY BAG YOU'RE CARRYING!

TERRIFIED, MORGAN FLEES FOR HOME...

POLICE? THIS IS HENRY T. MORGAN! I'VE JUST BEEN ROBBED OF MORE THAN $10,000 AT VANDERPOOL AND HUDSON AVENUES!!

MEANWHILE THE GANG RETURNS TO A HIDEOUT...

W-WHY-THERE'S NOTHIN' IN THIS BAG WE GOT FROM MORGAN!

WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE CROSSED!

HELLO, MUGS!--THIS IS THE CHIEF! MORGAN DIDN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT MONEY---ANOTHER GUY GOT IT BEFORE YOU NAILED MORGAN!

YOU'LL FIND THIS BIRD AT 209 HILL STREET WITH THE CASH... DON'T FAIL THIS TIME!!

THIS IS THE PLACE!

KNOCK THE DOOR DOWN!!

W-WHY... THERE'S NOBODY HERE!

--NO?

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS FLASH ON—AN OLD MAN STANDS IN A DOORWAY AND...

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE VOICE!

MEANWHILE, THE POLICE ARRIVE

THIS IS WHERE THE PHONE CALL CAME FROM, BOYS!

SERGEANT O'DONNELL! THIS IS ELIXIR--- THE VOICE! HERE IS THE GANG WHO HAVE COMMITTED THE RECENT JEWELRY ROBBERIES!

WHAT THA? IS THAT OLD MAN SAYIN' THAT?

--THEY HAVE OPERATED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF JOHN MARTINSON, THE JEWELRY COLLECTOR, WHO TIPPED THEM OFF TO CERTAIN PEOPLE WHO HAD JUST BEEN PAID BIG SUMS FOR JEWELRY THEY HAD SOLD TO MARTINSON--

THEN THE SELLERS WERE ROBBED OF THEIR MONEY AND MARTINSON GOT MOST OF IT BACK---

WHAT'S THAT OLD MAN GOT TO DO WITH IT?

LATER--AT HENRY T. MORGAN'S HOME....

CRASH

HENRY MORGAN! IT WAS I WHO HELD YOU UP AND TOOK YOUR MONEY, TO PREVENT REAL BANDITS FROM GETTING IT--I NOW GIVE IT BACK TO YOU--THIS IS ELIXIR--

THE VOICE!

More of The Voice in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 26th.

POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

GILL FOX—

YEAH-I'M POISON IVY! AN' NEVER MIND SAYIN' AIN'T HE A CUTE BABY!

OH!-A NEW ADDITION TO OUR FAMILY-AND WE HAVEN'T EVEN ENOUGH TO FEED OUR-SELVES!

HMM, THAT SOUNDS BAD- I WONDER IF I COULD HELP MY POOR FAMILY...

H'YA, POP! I HEARD WHAT YA SAID, SO HAVE A STORK DINNER ON ME TO CELEBRATE MY ARRIVAL!

10 MINUTES LATER

...AND WITH ME OUTTA WORK WE HAVE NO MONEY. DEAD OH DEAR!

TSK-TSK-- THISS TRYIN' MY PATIENCE !!

ONE WEEK LATER

I'M SICK OF HEARIN' YOU CRAB, POP! I'M GOIN' AND SHIFT FOR MYSELF!

IT'S ME AGAINST THE WORLD NOW!

WOW! DAT KID LOOKS LIKE GOOD KIDNAP MATERIAL!

C'MERE YOU! A LOVABLE LIL' BRAT LIKE YOU OUGHT TO BRING A JUICY RANSOM!!

WANTED FOR BEING NAUGHTY!

G-GOSH-THAT GUY ON THE POSTER IS THIS SAME FELLA!

...NOW-WHY CAN'T I KIDNAP HIM-AN' WRITE A NOTE TO THE POLICE DEMANDIN' TWICE THE AMOUNT OF THAT REWARD OR I WON'T HAND HIM OVER!

THIS EMPTY HOUSE'LL BE A GOOD PLACE TO OPERATE FROM!

HOUSE FOR SALE — PORCH GOES WITH HOUSE

THE NEXT DAY THE POLICE RECEIVE A RANSOM NOTE

DEAR POLICE, I HAVE KIDNAPPED BIG GHOUL—YOU CAN HAVE HIM IF YOU WILL PAY ME TWICE THE AMOUNT I DEMAND! I WILL MAIL MONEY IN FACT, PENNIES! TELL THE TRUTH, I'M TIRED OF BIG GHOUL! YOURS TRULY, JOE CROOK SR.

OF ALL THE NERVE!—HEY SARG—TAKE A RAIDIN' PARTY AND RAID THIS ADDRESS—SOMEBODY'S HOLDIN' JOE GHOUL THE KILLER, THERE!

THERE'S THE JOINT!

CLANG! CLANG! AND CLANG!

OPEN THIS DOOR IN THE NAME OF THE LAW THIS INSTANT!

NOT UNTIL I GET MY $10000 IN PENNIES YOU SISSIES!

OKAY BOYS! RUSH 'EM!

WE'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO BREAK THAT DOOR DOWN FOR AN HOUR!—GOSH, IT MUST BE HELD IN PLACE BY A STEEL GIRDER!—I'M GOING TO LOOK IN THE WINDOW!

HO HUM

WELL I'LL BE—

WHAH?—A KID IS HOLDIN' THAT DOOR—BUT HE'S A SUPER KID—WE BETTER PAY THE RANSOM!

I STILL THINK THE POLICE DEPARTMENT IS BEING ROBBED, BUT OKAY—WHO D'YA WANT THE PENNIES SENT TO?

TO MY FATHER!

LATER AT POISON'S HOME.

C'MON OUT-SIDE, POP! I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YA!

$10,000 IN PENNIES, AND ALL FOR YOU!—NOW MAYBE YA'LL STOP COMPLAININ'!

"Poison" Ivy appears each month in FEATURE COMICS.

SAMAR

BY TED CAUH

SAMAR YOUNG JUNGLE FOUNDLING WAS ADOPTED BY A TRIBE OF NOMADS AND GREW TO MANHOOD IN THE JUNGLE.

ONE DAY AN OLD MAN WAS BANISHED FROM THE TRIBE. AND SAMAR, ANGRY AT THIS UNFAIR TREATMENT, JOINS HIM.

FOR DAYS, THEY TREK THROUGH THE LIMITLESS JUNGLE.

AT LAST THEY FIND A SMALL CLEARING. AN EXCELLENT PLACE FOR A HOME!

AND THE DAYS FOLLOWING ARE CROWDED WITH TOIL

MALARIA SOON DEPRIVES SAMAR OF HIS COMPANION, AND HE MUST TAKE TO THE WILDS

ONE DAY AS SAMAR BATHES IN A CLEAR POOL, THE FOREST BECOMES ALIVE WITH CRIES OF ANIMALS.

MONKEYS, THE JUNGLE GOSSIPS, SHRIEK A FRANTIC WARNING.

EVEN THE LION LEAPS FOR SAFETY.

AND SAMAR, CURIOUS, SWINGS TO THE TOP OF A TALL TREE.

WHERE HE VIEWS THE IMPENDING DANGER.

AN ELEPHANT HERD... STAMPEDING!

THEY ARE HEADING TOWARD THE LAKE VILLAGE OF LODOGO! I MUST SAVE THE PEOPLE THERE!

THROUGH THE JUNGLE HE FLIES WITH EFFORTLESS GRACE...

SWINGING FROM TREE TO TREE...

AND DASHES THROUGH THE JUNGLE LIKE THE WIND....

HE IS SOON AT THE MUDDY SHALLOW LAKE AND WADES ACROSS IT.

A TIRELESS RUNNER HE GAINS VERY RAPIDLY.

AIR

GET YOUR PEOPLE TOGETHER! ELEPHANT HERD COMES!

CRASHING THROUGH THE DENSE GROWTH THE WILD HERD APPEARS!

AND IN NO TIME THE VILLAGE IS IN RUINS.

ONE OF THE MADDENED ELEPHANTS CHARGES DOWN ON A HELPLESS CHILD!

QUICKLY SAMAR SWEEPS IT UP IN HIS STRONG ARMS...

LEAPING INTO A TREE HE ESCAPES THE GIANT BEAST!

HE SCRAMBLES TO HIGH LAND AND SAFETY.....

CAUGHT IN THE PATH OF THE MADDENED BEASTS MALI THE CHIEFS DAUGHTER IS HELPLESS UNABLE TO ESCAPE

THE GIRL IS THROWN HIGH INTO THE AIR WHEN FROM ABOVE

SAMAR SWOOPS...

DEFTLY CATCHING THE GIRL IN HIS ARMS!

OH, THANK YOU.... BUT WHO ARE YOU?

MEN CALL ME SAMAR OF THE JUNGLE. YOUR FRIEND.

THEN MAY I ASK YOU TO AID US FURTHER... THAT STAMPEDE WAS PLANNED!

PLANNED BY TINO, AN EVIL TRADER, WHO WOULD STEAL THE BLOOD RUBY MY FATHER OWNS!

LOOK!

THOSE ARE THE MEN WHO ARE AFTER THE RUBY. TINO IS LEADING!

THEY ARE DIVING FOR IT... IT'S UNDER A ROCK IN THE LAKE!

IN THE UNDERBRUSH, SAHAR AWAITS HIS CHANCE.

BUT A WILY SENTINEL SPOTS HIM AND GIVES THE ALARM.

SAHAR'S BRAWNY FISTS DROP MAN AFTER MAN.

DODGING POISONED SPEARS, SAHAR SWIMS TOWARD THE VICIOUS CHIEF.

I HAVE THE RUBY NOW! NO ONE SHALL TAKE IT FROM ME! MY MEN WILL KILL

SAHAR GRABS AT THE BOAT

AND METES OUT A SAVAGE JUSTICE!

HERE IS YOUR RUBY! TAKE IT AWAY FROM THE JUNGLE WHERE YOU'LL BE SAFE!

THANK YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE DONE SAHAR!

Another absorbing episode of Sahar in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS.

NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG!

DIDN'T YOU GET YOUR DOG A LICENSE, NIPPIE?

NOPE!

I DON'T NEED ANY... MY DAD HAS 'PULL' IN CITY HALL AN' NO GUY WILL TOUCH MY DOG!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE PHIL HAS BEEN LEARNIN' HOW TO PAINT SIGNS, EH MICKEY?

YEAH—AN' HE THINKS HE MIGHT MAKE GOOD MONEY AT IT!

WHY DON'T YA SEE HOULIHAN ABOUT PUTTIN' HIS NAME ON THAT NEW OFFICE OF HIS, PHIL?

I WILL SEE HIM, CLANCY... THANKS FER THE TIP!

HOW MUCH WILL YOU CHARGE ME TO DO THE JOB?

AW, HOULIHAN, 'SEEIN' WE'RE PALS I'LL GIVE YA A BREAK... HOW MANY WORDS D'YA WANT?

I WANT MY NAME IN BIG LETTERS ON TOP... AND "REAL ESTATE" AND "INSURANCE" BELOW...

OKAY, I'LL DO A NICE JOB FER FIVE BUCKS!

WHY PHIL!! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE YOU WORKIN'!!

AW, GO AWAY—WILL YA HULLIGAN? YA BOTHER ME!

WAIT A MINUTE, PHIL... YOU'VE LEFT THE 'T' OUT OF MY LAST NAME!

I MIGHTA KNOWN YOU'D GUM IT UP!

NOW, KEEP YER SHIRT ON... I'LL FIX IT!

WHAT? ARE YA STILL ON THIS JOB, PHIL? AN' HERE I AM ON MY WAY HOME TO SUPPER!

WHY DON'T YA KEEP RIGHT ON GOIN' TO YOUR SUPPER?

IT'S ALL DONE, HOULIHAN... COME OUT AN' LOOK AT IT!

I THINK IT'S A MASTER-PIECE... WHAT D'YOU THINK?

I THINK I'M STUCK / HOW D'YA LIKE THAT?

WHAT?! YA'LL ONLY GIVE ME TWO BUCKS?

YES! AND SINCE THE SIGN IS ON THE WINDOW WHAT CAN YOU DO?

NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG

MR. SMITH, MY MOTHER SENT ME FOR THE WOOD YOU'RE GIVIN' US..

THERE IT IS, SON!

BUT NIPPIE... WE CAN'T TAKE IT ALL IN ONE LOAD!

SURE WE CAN!!

I TOLD YOU, NIPPIE!

!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOU'RE GOIN' TO THE FIGHTS TONIGHT, EH UNCLE PHIL?

YES... CLANCY IS GIVIN' ME AN' MURPHY A COUPLE OF TICKETS

WHY, I GAVE YOURS TO HOULIHAN, PHIL! HE SAID YOU TOLD HIM YOU COULDN'T GO!

I-I-- DIDN'T TELL HIM THAT!

HELLO? NO, MRS. HOULIHAN... HE'S NOT HERE NOW.

THAT WAS HOULIHAN'S WIFE CHECKIN' UP ON HIM.. HE CALLED HER BEFORE HE LEFT HERE AN' SAID HE COULDN'T TAKE HER TO THE MOVIES BECAUSE HE HADDA CALL ON MURPHY WHO WAS SICK!

OH! IS THAT SO?

GOOD EVENING, MRS. HOULIHAN... IS YOUR HUSBAND IN? I THOUGHT I'D CHAT WITH HIM!

WHY DANNY MURPHY IS SICK AND MY HUSBAND IS WITH HIM.

MURPHY SICK?! WHY, HE WAS OKAY THIS AFTERNOON AND ASKED ME T'GO TO THE FIGHTS WITH HIM..

FIGHTS?! SO—THAT'S IT! WAIT'LL I GET MY HAT AND COAT!

NOW I'M NOT A MAN TO MAKE TROUBLE, MRS. HOULIHAN.. AN' I'M NOT REALLY SAYIN' HE WENT T'THE FIGHTS!

YES-YES- I KNOW... TELL THE DRIVER TO STEP ON THE GAS!

DO YOU THINK THEY'LL ANNOUNCE IT LOUD ENOUGH FOR HIM?

DON'T YOU WORRY— IF HE'S IN THERE HE'LL COME OUT!

ATTENTION PLEASE!! MR. JEREMIAH HOULIHAN IS WANTED AT THE BOX OFFICE IMMEDIATELY!

HERE'S YOUR RETURN CHECKS IN CASE YOU WAHTA COME BACK!

TAKE THEM, MURPHY... I WANTA HURRY TO THE BOX OFFICE!

!

HAA!! SO!!

OH! TO THINK HE'D TELL A LIE, MRS. HOULIHAN!

MURPHY, I REALLY FEEL BAD TO THINK HOULIHAN HADDA LEAVE!

YES YOU DO!

NIPPIE

HE'S OFTEN WRONG

GEE, NIPPIE.. DON'T THROW A HARD BALL LIKE THAT AGAINST YOUR HOUSE!

AW, SHUT UP!

CRASH!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOU DON'T GO ON DUTY 'TIL EIGHT TONIGHT, MICHAEL.. SO LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES THIS AFTERNOON?

OKAY!

TWO PLEASE!

COLONEL!! BILSHUMANIA MUST BE BLOWN OFF THE MAP TONIGHT!!

YES, GENERAL TONIGHT!

GEE, UNCLE PHIL... I DIDN'T KNOW THIS WAS A WAR PICTURE!

GOSH, MICHAEL, I AIN'T HEARD SO MUCH NOISE SINCE CLANCY'S WEDDIN'!

GOSH... I'M GLAD THAT WAR PICTURE IS OVER!

SO AM I!!

"AND NOW, FOLKS... SEE THE FEAR ON THE CHILDREN'S FACES HERE AS THEY RUN FROM THEIR BURNING HOMES... THESE NEWSREEL SHOTS...

OHHH! WE'RE GETTIN' MORE OF IT NOW!

...AND HERE THE FLOWER OF KLEPTOMANIA'S YOUTH PASS IN REVIEW BEFORE THEIR NATION'S LEADER...

UNCLE PHIL... LOOKIT THOSE LITTLE KIDS WITH GUNS!

SURE... WAR IS ALL THEY THINK OF!

...GAS MASK DRILLS ARE HELD DAILY IN THE SCHOOLS OF THE EMPIRE OF RAZZANITAZZ.

LET'S GO HOME UNCLE PHIL... I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF THIS STUFF!

I'M SORRY I CAME!

HEY MICKEY... IT'S OUR FIRST GAME OF THE SEASON... WILL YA UMPIRE FER US?

YOU BET I WILL, FELLAS!

HMM... NOW THIS IS WHAT I'D CALL ENJOYMENT!

GEE, UNCLE PHIL... ISN'T IT GREAT T'BE LIVIN' IN AMERICA!!

I'LL TELL THE WORLD IT IS!!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Read Mickey Finn in the June issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale April 26th.

ANNOUNCING

The Sensational New Daisy

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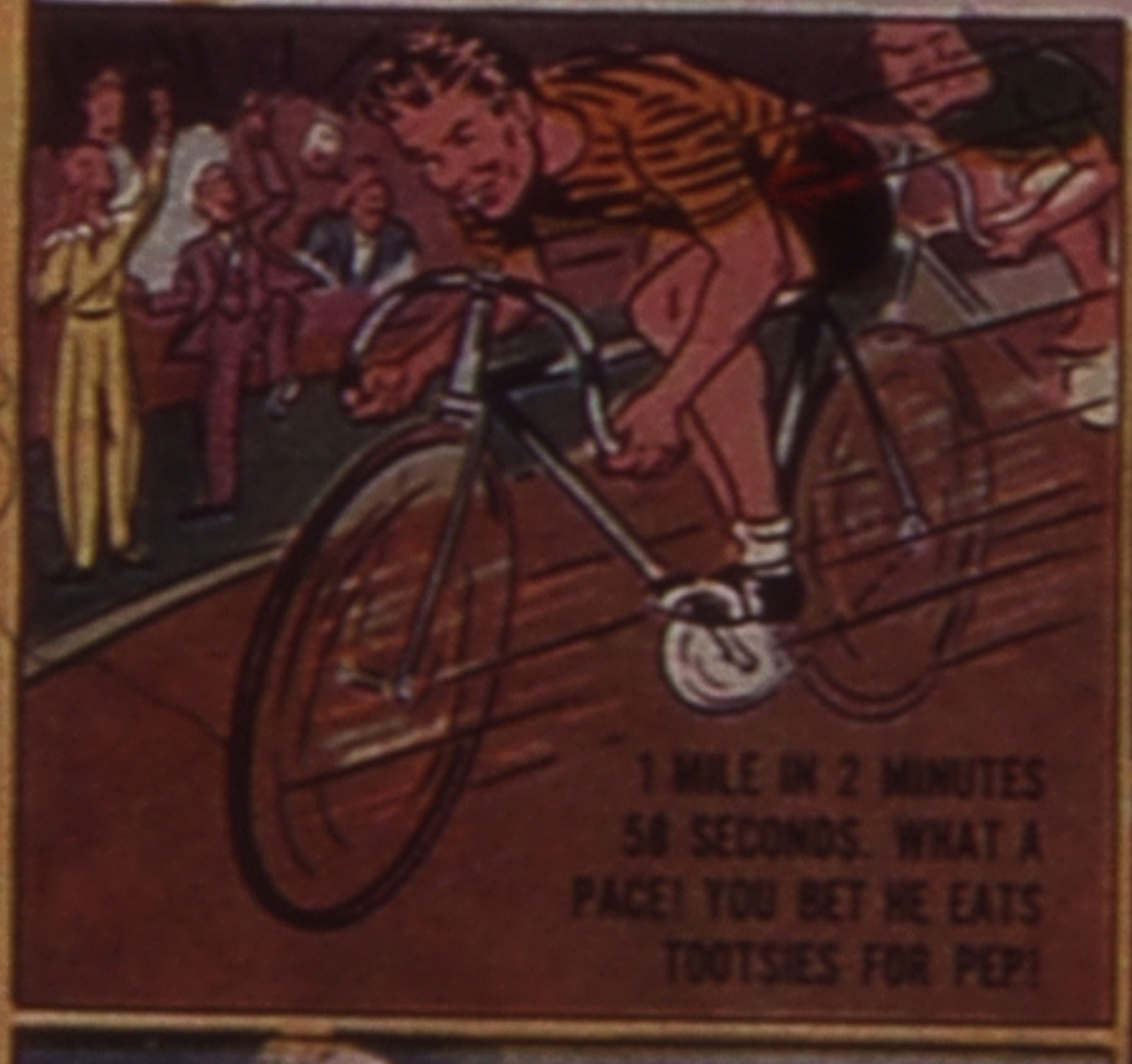
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THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

Put yourself in these pictures — Open to Everybody

SPEED CHAMPIONS — HOW DO YOU RATE?



1 MILE IN 2 MINUTES 58 SECONDS. WHAT A PACE! YOU BET HE EATS TOOTSIES FOR PEP!

ONLY 14. SWIMS 100 YARDS IN 1 MINUTE 30 SECONDS. BUT YOU SHOULD SEE HOW FAST SHE GOES FOR TOOTSIES!



MEET THE TWINS, (AGED 10). THEIR 50 YD. DASH IN THE 3-LEGGED RACE TOOK 18 SECONDS! BUT WHEN IT COMES TO TOOTSIES, THEY LIKE TO TAKE THEM SLOW.



TOOTSIE ROLL IS A SPEED CHAMPION, TOO!

NO FOOD GIVES YOU EXTRA PEP FASTER THAN DEXTROSE — AND TOOTSIES ARE ENRICHED WITH THIS WHOLESOME "MUSCLE SUGAR." NO WONDER ATHLETES GO BIG FOR DELICIOUS TOOTSIE ROLLS!

SOME people love Tootsie Rolls because they're so chewy and last so long. Some people love them because they have that different chocolate-y taste! But everybody loves Tootsies! They're good for you too! Have some today!

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Now enriched with DEXTROSE — FOR QUICK FOOD ENERGY!

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